

Archiepiscopal Jurisdiction.

A FEW weeks ago, two gentlemen got into a railway carriage, one a clergyman, the other, as an audible conversation showed, a choirmaster. After a long talk about Church music, the layman asked the clergyman what he thought of the Lincoln case. "I do not think about it at all," he answered; "whichever way it is decided, it is nothing to me. But I think the Church Association have done themselves a great deal of harm. They have chosen to attack a man who is universally beloved, and they have attacked him on trifling and unimportant points."

No one will say otherwise than that Bishop King is rightly held in very high esteem, and on the other hand, what is thought of the Church Association is a matter of indifference; but it is not easy to see how either estimate affects the points at issue. It is surely not true that the mixed chalice, the eastward position, the lighted candles, or the use of vestments, are insignificant. In themselves intrinsically, no doubt, they are small; but so are many things that mean a great deal, and thus have a very great importance. A piece of coloured bunting is in itself a trifling thing, but when it is your country's flag, its importance is very great. A piece of flimsy tissue-paper becomes of great value, if a bank's promise to pay is printed on it. Words as mere sounds are little things enough, but there is no limit to the possible importance of their meaning. And so, if nothing of greater consequence were at stake, it would be immaterial whether a clergyman faced the south or the east, whether or not he mixed a little water with wine, whether certain candles were lighted or not, whether his vestments were of this shape or that; but it is not easy to see how these things can be considered insignificant, if that which they signify is of the gravest consequence. What is really at stake is not a mere ceremony, but the incomparably graver question whether the clergyman is a Catholic priest, whether the table

is an altar, whether that which is celebrated is simply a commemorative feast, something like the *Agape* of the early Christians, or whether it is the August Sacrifice which was offered before the Reformation in all the churches in England. Nothing could be more unjust than to accuse Bishop King of having disturbed the peace of his Church by insisting on trifles. Whether the Communion Service he celebrates is the ancient Sacrifice or not, is no trifle, but a doctrine of the very gravest moment. He himself, in a letter lately published, says that he is defending the "faith once delivered to the saints;" and if the ceremonies that are now attacked have this meaning, as they certainly have in the minds of both the prosecutors and the prosecuted, it cannot be said that the points at issue are trifling. And if the issue of the suit is of the most momentous gravity, it becomes difficult to understand how any clergyman of the Church of England, or any lay member of it, can say that it is nothing to him, and that he is indifferent how the case is decided.

There is one way, certainly, in which profoundly earnest men would be indifferent, when a case of the gravest importance is *sub judice*. It may have hitherto been an open question, on which, as being yet undecided, good men were at liberty to form their own judgment, but which now at last is brought before the proper tribunal, to be decided by an authority recognized by all as supreme. A good man could then say, that he was prepared to abandon what he had held on his own private judgment, and to accept what should be presented to him by lawful authority. It is true that for this to be a reasonable course, very unusual qualifications must exist in the tribunal. Men cannot be expected to give up their private judgment without the strongest assurance that their guide and teacher will not mislead them. It is no profit to a blind man to be led by another who is blind. If we have to grope, we may as well grope for ourselves; and we shall expect infallibility in a guide to whom we entrust our souls. When that is the qualification of the tribunal, men wait without fear or anxiety for its decisions, prepared to accept them cordially and loyally, as soon as they are made known.

No such indifference as this is to be found in the attitude of those who are interested in the result of this very important trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. Quite rightly, beyond doubt, on the same principles. Neither side regards the tribunal as

infallible, nor does the tribunal itself make any such claim. The truth is therefore at stake. The decision may be true or it may be false. The truth must be ascertained elsewhere, and the judgment of this tribunal will be tried by other standards. The Bishop of Lincoln holds that the doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice in the Blessed Eucharist is a part of the faith once committed to the saints ; the Church Association regards this doctrine as a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit. Neither party to the suit looks to the judge to teach it what is true on this great dogma. They differ irreconcilably ; each hopes for a favourable decision ; and if the final judgment be unfavourable, each would regard it as a heavy blow to the Church of England, to which they both belong.

This gives us the true idea of the character of the tribunal by which this grave question is to be tried. It does not pretend to be infallible, but it does profess to speak with a certain authority : not with authority conferred by Christ to declare, without possibility of doubt, what was really contained in His revelation made once for all ; but with an authority conferred by the Church of England, to say what doctrine she considers to be revealed, and therefore with authority to decide what is held by her as her doctrine. It may say that the Church of England holds this doctrine and excludes its opposite, or it may say that both the doctrine and its opposite may be taught within her pale. Thus much the tribunal, be it what it may, must claim, and it is to obtain a judgment within the limits of this description that both parties to the suit are striving. Or, more exactly, the Bishop would prefer not to be judged at all, as that is equivalent to leaving him free as a Bishop of the Church of England to teach, by word and deed, the doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice ; while his opponents desire an authoritative declaration that this cannot be permitted within the boundaries of the Church of England.

The important matter here, evidently is the constitution of the tribunal. Who has received authority from the Church of England to deliver such a judgment in her name ? In other words, Is any one qualified to say whether the doctrine taught by a Bishop of the Church of England, by word or ceremony, is a doctrine permitted by that Church ? The parties to the suit would answer the question differently. Those whose sympathies are Protestant would reply that the Church of England is but a function of the State, with the Sovereign for its Supreme Head

Such as these would regard the Archbishop of Canterbury as an official representing the Church of England because the Sovereign, as Head of the Church of England, has appointed him and conferred that authority upon him; and these persons would consistently hold that an appeal lay from the Archbishop to the Queen, as the Archbishop's Superior in his ecclesiastical capacity. On the other hand it is currently understood that the Bishop of Lincoln would in no case appeal from the Archbishop to the Crown, nor defend himself if his opponents were to carry an appeal against him from the Archbishop to the Queen in Council. The prosecutors are not acting on any theory of what the tribunal ought to be, but they look simply to Acts of Parliament and the law of the land. The Bishop, apparently, thinks it possible that English law may recognize spiritual authority as existing in the Crown where he would consider such authority to be a usurpation and a tyranny; for he himself, it is believed, regards the spiritual authority as residing exclusively in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, with perfect independence in spiritual things of the power of the Crown.

It is not easy to reconcile the rejection of the spiritual supremacy of the Queen with the "Oath of Homage" taken by all Bishops of the Church of England. Bishop King has taken the oath which is thus worded: "I, Edward King, Doctor in Divinity, now elected, confirmed and consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, do hereby declare that your Majesty is the only supreme governor of this your realm in spiritual and ecclesiastical things, as well as in temporal, and that no foreign prelate or potentate has any jurisdiction within this realm: and I acknowledge that I hold the said Bishopric, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty; and for the same temporalities I do my homage presently to your Majesty. So help me God. God save the Queen Victoria." If he does not believe that the Queen is "supreme governor in spiritual and ecclesiastical things," and if he does not believe that he "holds the spiritualities of his Bishopric only from her Majesty," we can hardly help asking ourselves how he could declare the one and acknowledge the other under the solemn sanction of an oath. But we are not concerned at this moment with the consistency of the position that is held in virtue of such an oath, the ordinary and straightforward meaning of which seems to be repudiated and disbelieved. For the moment we will put the "Oath of

Homage" on one side, and return to the theory of spiritual independence of the Crown. The theory is held, whether the Bishop of Lincoln holds it or not; and apart from the lawfulness of swearing its opposite, it thoroughly deserves a careful examination and calm discussion.

This theory, then, recognizes spiritual authority as existing in spiritual persons only. Our question therefore is, Where does this spiritual authority or jurisdiction reside, and how comes it to be there? Another form of the same question is whether a Bishop has any spiritual superior, with authority sufficient to try him on accusations of a purely spiritual or ecclesiastical kind. The Bishop claims to hold his own spiritual office from Christ, and the point therefore is, Has Christ given to any one on earth spiritual authority and jurisdiction to which the Bishop is subject?

It is quite unnecessary for me to say that there are Christians in the world who teach that all Bishops have a divinely appointed Superior, who holds Christ's place over them as His Vicar upon earth, because all without exception were included in the commission conferred by Christ on Peter and his successors. Neither is it my intention to occupy you to-day with any direct argument from Scripture or the Fathers to establish this position. I candidly confess that that conclusion seems to me inevitable if the Crown is not regarded as the supreme spiritual authority in the realm, provided that reason has free play whilst the position is gravely considered in all its bearings. Either the Queen is supreme or the Pope is supreme in spiritual things. No middle term is possible.

I heard the other day of a man who said that hitherto he had never considered whether there was or was not such a thing as spiritual jurisdiction. If there be such a thing, he said, the Roman Catholics alone have it, but he was more inclined to say that there is no such thing as jurisdiction at all. The meaning of this phrase probably is that Christ has left no authority in His Church superior to that of any individual Bishop. Let us then examine the assertion that by Divine right all Bishops in the Church are equal. "No jurisdiction" cannot well mean anything but this. It will not mean to deny that a Bishop has some sort of jurisdiction in his diocese, but only that Christ, who instituted Bishops, did not give any one of them authority over any other.

Indeed it is not wonderful that people should say so who

reject as a usurpation the authority of the Bishop of Rome over other Bishops. In behalf of the Pope, at least, there are sayings of our Lord to which such a sense could be and has been given; but what is there to show that Christ has given the Archbishop of Canterbury authority over the Bishop of Lincoln? It is of course assumed that the Crown cannot give to the Archbishop a spiritual authority that it does not possess.

Yet what does common sense say to such an equality? If Bishops are all equal in authority, a Bishop duly appointed to his see is, in all that relates to his office, absolutely independent of the whole wide world. Let him do what he may please, there is no one who can try him, condemn him, suspend him, depose him. Can Christ have intended to leave His visible Church in such a state of inevitable anarchy? At the time of the Gorham case, Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, declared the Archbishop of Canterbury excommunicated for permitting what the Bishop regarded as an heretical denial of Baptismal regeneration to be preached in the Church of England by any one that chose to do so. If all Bishops are really equal, why should not the Bishop of Exeter declare the Archbishop of Canterbury a heretic, as lawfully as the Archbishop can try and condemn a Bishop?

If all Bishops are independent, decisions respecting faith and morals, ecclesiastical discipline, the manner of administration of the sacraments, the parochial system, everything that is not of Divine ordinance, the interpretation of the Divine law itself, all that has sprung up in Christendom and is venerable from even Apostolic antiquity, will be absolutely and without appeal in each diocese in the hands of the local Bishop—an autocracy without parallel, and that, too, without any gift of inerrancy or indefectibility. It is no answer to say that no abuses have arisen, for in reality no such theory of equality has been admitted. Nor is it an answer that the vast majority of Bishops would use their powers moderately, for it would be enough that it is possible for any one Bishop to misuse them to the injury of his flock, and that there should be no remedy. Christ surely could not have left His Church so helpless.

But it may be said that though each Bishop is the equal of every other Bishop individually, he is the subject of all other Bishops collectively, and that he is bound by the decisions and judgments of Synods and Councils. But are we to understand

that he is so bound by Divine Law? Has Christ left it so? And if so, has He bequeathed this power to General Councils only, or to local Synods also? And is this Divine authority present only when the assembled Bishops are practically unanimous, or is it attached to the vote of a mere majority? If it is of Divine right, where is it so laid down? Scripture should be clear and distinct, and the words of Our Lord un-mistakeable, or men who conscientiously think themselves right and their opponents wrong, will not submit to Synod or Council. Why should they? If Christ has given this power to General Councils only, are they to be summoned to try every case that arises? If the like authority has been given by Christ to local Synods, He must have described and defined such localities and such Synods: but has He done so? The Bishop of Lincoln, by his counsel, claimed to be tried by Convocation; but it has yet to be ascertained who gave Convocation the spiritual authority to try him.

To this it may be rejoined that though a Synod is the proper tribunal, the authority of that Synod is not derived from Christ, but is of purely ecclesiastical institution. This theory implies that although by Divine right each Bishop is independent of every other Bishop, all Bishops have combined to give authority to Synods over each member of the Synod. To establish this, it must be shown when and how Bishops delegated authority over themselves to a majority of their number, meeting together with certain solemnities. And grave questions would arise on this hypothesis. Is an individual Bishop bound by an authority that he had personally no share in conferring? Such authority would be no more than a reference to arbitration, which is a very different thing from legal jurisdiction: and any Bishop could withdraw himself from a tribunal that was constituted only by his own consent. If all Bishops are divinely equal, a Bishop would only be bound by his own sense of fitness, though he should have all the other Bishops in the world united against him. No one can be independent and subject at one and the same time.

And supposing for a moment that a Synod is the divinely or ecclesiastically authorized tribunal, Synods are not infallible, and there is nothing to prevent various Synods from coming to opposite conclusions. A Synod would have no authority whatever outside the province it represents and governs. Bishop Wordsworth has lately published in *The Times* letters in which

he complains that English High Churchmen, who claim authority exclusively for the spirituality, will not accept the judgment of the Synod of the Scottish Episcopal Church, but, with Dr. Littledale, style that judgment "a miscarriage of justice." But why is he surprised? He cannot claim for his Scottish Synod jurisdiction over Englishmen. No doubt, even if judgment were given against themselves by an English Synod, English High Churchmen would complain of a "miscarriage of justice;" but why should they yield their submission to the Scottish spirituality? The story runs, that at a sermon all the hearers were crying but one, and when he was asked why he did not cry too, he answered: "Oh, I do not belong to the parish." We obey our own fathers and mothers, but the rules laid down by our uncles and aunts for our cousins' guidance, do not bind us. We see then that if a Synod were the supreme tribunal or final Court of Appeal, there would still be no security for the Unity of the Church, nor protection against the gravest and most serious diversities of judgment. Independent Synods would work as badly as independent Bishops.

If a Synod has no indefeasible right to judge a Bishop, perhaps an Archbishop has that right. But no one will say that if the Pope has not that right by the law of God, the law of God confers it on the Archbishop. For what is an Archbishop? As a matter of fact, an Archbishop has that power over his brother Bishops which the Pope conferred upon him, and no more. If the Pope had none to give, the Archbishop can have none, for his was but a share of the Pope's power, delegated to him over certain Bishops and their sees that make his province.

As a matter of history, nothing can be more certain than that if there is an Archbishop of Canterbury, he owes his existence and authority to the Pope. "We give you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul," said St. Gregory the Pope to St. Augustine the Archbishop, in answer to his question what Bishops were placed under his jurisdiction, "but all the Bishops of Britain we commit to your authority, that the ignorant may be taught, the weak confirmed, the perverse corrected by authority."¹ If the power of the Crown cannot confer spiritual jurisdiction over a Bishop, it cannot create an Archbishop, and the conservation of the ancient title will not confer the ancient

¹ Ven. Bede, *Hist. Gentis Anglorum*, lib. i. cap. 27, n. 65.

jurisdiction when that spiritual authority is repudiated by which it was conferred.

The jurisdiction of Archbishops has not arisen from the relative greatness of the cities over which they have presided. Some persons have maintained the singular theory that the authority of the Roman See arose from the pre-eminence of Rome as the centre of empire; but no one has so accounted for the archiepiscopal jurisdiction of Canterbury. The little country town from which the Archbishop derives his title is so unimportant, that it seems to have no claim that its Pastor should even reside in it; and yet it, and not London, has for centuries borne the name of the ecclesiastical metropolis. The reason is simple enough. The pallium was sent from Rome successively to Augustine, Laurence, Mellitus, Justus, and the long line of their successors in the see of Canterbury; and Mellitus had no pallium while he was Bishop of London, nor have any who have succeeded to him as Bishops of the most important city in England. The pallium in the armorial bearings of the see of Canterbury is a memorial of that emblem of metropolitan jurisdiction "taken from the body of Blessed Peter," which was asked for and worn by every one of the ancient Archbishops, from St. Augustine to Cardinal Pole.

It is true that jurisdiction over Bishops, conferred by delegation from the Pope, has existed in England in another form besides that of Metropolitan Sees. From time to time Legates have come from Rome, who represented the Pope's person, and were sent with power superior to that of Archbishops. This in no way shows that archiepiscopal jurisdiction was not derived from the Pope also. The difference between the two lies in this, that in the Legate the jurisdiction is extraordinary, in the Archbishop it is ordinary. The distinction is precisely the same as that between Bishops in ordinary and Vicars Apostolic. It must be remembered that Catholics hold that, though the government of the Church by Bishops is of Divine institution, our Lord has left it to the Pope to assign to each Bishop the limits of his flock, and to be the Superior by Divine right of the Bishop in the exercise of his jurisdiction. Whether that jurisdiction is conferred on the Bishop directly by Christ, to be exercised in subjection to the Pope, and until the Pope as his Superior takes it away; or whether, as most Catholic theologians hold, (the power of Order being the same in all Bishops) jurisdiction comes to a diocesan Bishop from Christ

through the Pope, is a theological question which in no way affects our argument. It is enough for our purpose to note that no one maintains that Christ instituted Archbishops and conferred on them jurisdiction over their suffragans. To all Catholics it is certain that archiepiscopal jurisdiction is derived from the Pope, and the Pope only. And the fact that similar and even greater power has been exercised by legates may well account for Archbishops of Canterbury desiring to be *legati nati*, in order to exclude such exercise of jurisdiction over themselves by any one except the Pope; but it does not show in the very least that when an Archbishop of Canterbury ceased to be legate, he thereby gave up all the jurisdiction that was delegated, and retained power of any sort over the Bishops of his province that had not come from the Pope. It will of course be understood, without further protest, that if in this paper the Anglican Bishops are spoken of as Bishops, or as having spiritual authority, this is assumed for argument's sake only, and not as an admission.

It is remarkable that even with the widespread Anglican hierarchy that has sprung up in the English colonies, not one single Protestant Archbishopric has been created, and the name remains of those alone which were erected nearly thirteen hundred years ago by the Pope. "Metropolitans" there are who are not Archbishops; and this is an ecclesiastical anomaly, like the further anomaly of Suffragan Bishops who have episcopal titles in the diocese of other Bishops—but no Archbishop. It is not a matter on which any stress can be laid, any more than any special importance can be attributed to the curious fact that not a single Protestant Archbishop has yet been buried at Canterbury. It would make no real difference if the same authority that proposed to itself to create Metropolitans, had also undertaken to create Archbishops. Who conferred on any one in England the power to place one Bishop over another? And still more striking is the question, By what power were these Metropolitans created, whose authority, as was decided in the Colenso case, does not extend to declarations of the doctrine of the Church of England, and from whose decisions an appeal is supposed to lie to the Archbishop of Canterbury? Is Dr. Benson really *alterius orbis Papa*? Is Papacy no usurpation over the rights of Bishops and Metropolitans, provided it is held by an Englishman? The Pope of Rome claims his supremacy as coming from Christ, but who

gave the Archbishop of Canterbury jurisdiction over the Metropolitans of Cape Town, Calcutta, or Sydney?

It comes then to this, that if on the one hand the spiritual authority of the Pope over Bishops, and on the other hand that of the Queen, are both rejected, no authority exists to which a Bishop is bound to submit; yet this, as we have seen, is an absolutely impossible condition for the Church of Christ. In such a state of things, unless gifts of the character that are claimed for the Apostolic See were conferred on each Bishop throughout the world, and unless each Bishop were an infallible Pope, unity would be impossible, each diocese would form a separate Church, with the further disadvantage that no guarantee would exist that any Bishop should teach the same doctrine or practise the same rites as any other Bishop, or even as his own predecessor. Could any one think *this* the ideal of a visible Church with a Divine Founder, intended by Him to abide unchanged all days, and to extend one and the same to the furthestmost ends of the earth? The student of Church History would therefore say, "St. Gregory the Pope we know, and St. Augustine the Archbishop we know, and successors of theirs as Pope and Archbishop we know—but who are ye?" It is a singular fact in the history of a Church that when Christianity is in its nineteenth century, the question should be raised, where the Superior of a Bishop is to be sought. In ignorance of this, how is the Catholic Church of Christ to be defined? Or Unity? Or schism?

We may now turn to the judgment delivered by Archbishop Benson on the 11th of May. It refers of course only to the preliminary point respecting his jurisdiction, and it must have been read throughout the country by all thoughtful people with the profoundest interest. It is an able and dignified document, clear, distinct, and straightforward. The conclusion to which he comes is much what might have been expected from one holding the title of Archbishop of Canterbury; for however glad he might have been to avoid the responsibility of deciding a question that can hardly fail to distract the Church of England, it was not very probable that his decision should have been adverse to his own jurisdiction. The arguments proposed by Sir Walter Phillimore, counsel to the Bishop of Lincoln, have been thoroughly discussed, and completely answered. There is only one thing for which we look in vain in the Archbishop's judgment. There is not the faintest hint of the source from

which the jurisdiction he claims over his suffragan Bishop is derived. For this he is not to be blamed. No judge will give in judgment a decision that goes beyond the necessity of the case before him. He is not a professor expounding a doctrine ; his sole business is to declare a point of law that has been raised. But the doctrinal question can hardly fail to suggest itself to thousands of those who are interested in the judgment, and they will surely ask themselves seriously the extremely important question, Where does the jurisdiction come from that the Archbishop claims to possess ? Who made him the superior of a brother Bishop ? Taking for granted that the episcopal office is of Divine institution, surely no one is competent to judge the man who holds it, and sentence him, possibly even to deprivation, unless the power so to do is directly or indirectly conferred by God. It is intelligible enough that the Pope should exercise or should delegate such jurisdiction on the ground that he holds it by Divine commission directly from our Lord. It is intelligible too that the King should claim for himself, as Henry the Eighth did, that by the Divine right of kings, he was in his realm all that the Pope had ever been, that is to say Supreme Head of the Church in England, the maker therefore of Archbishops and the final appeal from their decisions. But it is not intelligible that a lesser authority can overrule the higher, nor how the Bishop who holds an office of Divine institution should hold it as subordinate to an office with merely human authority.

It may perhaps be said that Archbishop Benson does insinuate a source from which he derives his power, when he proclaims its high antiquity. This may mean that it exists through simple prescription, as no one can dispute that which has been in existence for centuries. To such a claim we will shortly return. But there are two or three points in the judgment which first call for our attention.

The Archbishop has admirably disposed of the arguments drawn from the primitive Church, and especially from the canons of the early Councils. He distinguishes between definitions of Faith and enactments of discipline ; and though he attributes to the Church of England the extraordinary theory that only four of the General Councils are to be accepted as Œcumenical, and that even though, as he himself shows, the fifth and sixth General Councils were formally promulgated in English Synods, he distinguishes rightly and reasonably between

the doctrines taught by the four Councils that he accepts, and their purely disciplinary canons. "The creeds and sacred definitions," he says, "deal with things eternal: the canons and the discipline deal with things of a spiritual concernment, but in temporal regions and for temporal uses. The canons themselves take into account the conditions of their own times and countries. So must the ecclesiastical procedure of every age and nation."

This is perfectly true, and it is delightfully unlike the old-fashioned Anglican appeal on all points to the practice of the primitive Church. All that is wanted is that the inevitable change which must find place in the discipline of a living body should in the case of spiritual things of the supremest importance be under the guidance and supervision of divinely appointed authority. In later centuries the Catholic Church has provided for the dignity of the episcopal order by enacting that all grave charges against a bishop should be judged by no one but the Pope, protecting thus the chief pastors throughout all the world from popular outbreaks or royal tyranny. The power of Archbishops to judge their suffragans has for some centuries past been taken away by the authority of him who originally delegated it. The canon of the Council of Trent on this subject is a very model of wisdom.

Archbishop Benson discusses, and completely and satisfactorily disposes of the claim of the Bishop of Lincoln to be judged by Convocation. He takes no exception to the statement "that Convocation is a provincial Synod or council, and as such has certain judicial functions." He discusses instances alleged of such judicial acts by Convocation, and quotes the conclusion of the learned Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, who is "inclined to believe that so far as jurisdiction was concerned the authority resided in the metropolitan and not in the Synod." The Archbishop shrewdly urges that "in claiming Convocation (regarded as the provincial Synod) as the court for the trial of a Bishop, it was not explained how the proper necessity for the concurrence of a majority of the Lower House, which is required for the validity of the acts of Convocation, is consistent with the supposed requirements of ancient Councils that a Bishop should be tried by Comprovincials only," and he reminds us that for validity an act of Convocation requires the royal assent. It seems singular that a purely spiritual character should ever be put forward for an authority for which

this is an essential requisite. Indeed in either case, whether the judgment is that of Convocation or of the Archbishop, it is subject to the action of the Crown, which can either refuse its assent to the acts of Convocation or reverse the Archbishop's sentence on appeal. Of the two courts if one is of a more exclusively spiritual character than the other, it is rather the Archbishop's court from which the Bishop of Lincoln has been trying to escape; for the judgment of the Archbishop's court is complete in itself, and stands unless it be reversed on appeal, whereas the act of Convocation does not really exist as such until the royal assent has been given to it.

After replying first to the allegations of the Bishop's counsel respecting the canons of the primitive Church, and the judicial functions of Convocation, Archbishop Benson passes to the objections made against archiepiscopal jurisdiction. It is amusing to find that Archbishop Parker not only says that "it was the business of the Archbishop to rule and govern all the affairs of the province by his own judgment," but according to Archbishop Benson, "he goes much farther and too far" when he asserts that "the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury is not limited by any certain and definite bounds of archiepiscopal and metropolitan jurisdiction, but it extends as ordinary, free, and almost arbitrary through his province." Nothing can be plainer than that Parker wanted to be an English Pope, and it was natural enough that when a woman succeeded to the throne that Henry the Eighth had filled, the Archbishop might fairly think that now that the Pope had been got rid of, he might himself exercise the plenitude of spiritual jurisdiction. In accordance with which, Dr. Benson notices "how in his magnifying of the office, one point which he wishes to make clear is that along with it the metropolitanical see had received the fullest possible rights of dispensation." Archbishop Benson draws from this the singular conclusion that it "seems to show that in Parker's view the duty of tolerance was the complement of power." Whatever this may mean, it must seem plain enough to others that Parker wished to attribute to himself all the powers of dispensation that had been exercised by the Pope.

And now we may come to the Archbishop's conclusion. "The Court finds that, from the most ancient times of the Church, the archiepiscopal jurisdiction in the case of suffragans has existed; that in the Church of England it has been from

time to time continuously exercised in various forms;" and "that nothing has occurred in the Church to modify that jurisdiction." In close accordance with this is the quotation from the King's Bench in the St. David's case, which "in refusing the prohibition" to stop the Archbishop from proceeding against his suffragan Bishop, "declared itself 'fully satisfied that the Archbishop hath jurisdiction,' that 'by the common law he hath metropolitical jurisdiction,' and hath 'power to deprive.'"

This we may regard as a claim for the possession of archiepiscopal power by prescriptive right. If you make a man a judge, you thereby confer upon him the power to do whatever a judge can do; if you make him an archdeacon, he can fulfil what Sidney Smith called "all archidiaconal functions." Make him an archbishop, and he can do what archbishops at any time have done. It is not improbable that the vast majority of members of the Church of England will have simply looked to the Archbishop's judgment for the precise information that he gives them as to what has been done by synods and archbishops, and they will rest perfectly satisfied with the conclusion, that "what man has done, man can do." But surely thoughtful people should ask themselves, what it has been my business to-day to ask you to consider, whether the positions are parallel. How comes there to be an Archbishop of Canterbury now in England at all? Dr. Benson bears the same title beyond a doubt that St. Gregory the Great conferred upon St. Augustine, but does he really hold the same office that St. Augustine held? Identity of name is no proof of it. If a kingdom had passed from absolute government to a constitutional monarchy, the *title* of King would have survived, but the office would not be the same. The Archbishops of old times, to whom Dr. King and Dr. Benson alike refer as precedents, were unable to exercise their jurisdiction until they had received their pallium from the Pope. It was not merely that the office of archbishop contained a jurisdiction over the suffragan bishops which the Pope gave, and the Pope and the Council of Trent have since limited and almost taken away, but each individual holder of the office received from Rome, with its symbol the pallium, the right to exercise that delegated jurisdiction. They were not even called Archbishops, but Archbishops Elect, and that although they had been consecrated, until they were invested with the pallium; and until then they were unable to

use their archiepiscopal authority. Is the archbishopric that Dr. Benson holds the same thing as this? And if not, from whom does he derive the authority that he claims to possess over the Bishop of Lincoln?

When the Court of King's Bench, in the St. David's case, declared that, "by the common law the Archbishop hath metropolitanical jurisdiction," it meant that from time immemorial there had been such an office in England with such powers. If it had been part of the function of the King's Bench to declare the source and origin of metropolitanical jurisdiction, it would apparently have attributed it to the common law of the country, that is the ancient unwritten law of the land, dating back far further than Acts of Parliament. In that the court would evidently have been right, for our earliest lawgivers found Archbishops, and did not make them. But those earliest lawgivers would have recognized those Archbishops as made by the Pope, while the King's Bench, at the end of the seventeenth century, would have regarded them as the creation of the temporal power. The mention of the common law shows that. Of course an office, owing its origin to the Pope, might have its spiritual powers recognized by common law also; but if the Pope's interference is treated as usurpation, there is nothing but the common law from which the spiritual power can be derived. But the common law is nothing divine. It is only the civil law which has descended to us from the remotest antiquity, to which we can turn when we have no statute law to go by. If the Three Estates of the Realm, Queen, Lords, and Commons, cannot confer spiritual power now, the civil power at no period of our history could give it. Mere length in a pipe will not make it a channel of water. Its beginning must come from the fountain, whether far or near. And when, at the Reformation, the authority of the Pope was rejected, the antiquity of that authority was not held, by those who rejected it, to have established prescriptive rights that were therefore unassailable. How then can it be maintained that prescription and long usage confer jurisdiction on the Archbishop of Canterbury?

In conclusion, it is curious to see the general recognition in the Archbishop's Court of his complete subjection to the civil power and to the Crown in a matter so purely spiritual as this is. Appeal can only lie to a superior. While an appeal is pending, the judgment of the inferior court is in suspense; and the result of the appeal may be its reversal or confirmation by superior

authority. In the St. David's case, which the Archbishop quotes without a word of protest, an appeal was heard by the then existing Court of Delegates, made up of five peers, five bishops, five common law judges, and five civilian doctors. Application was made to the King's Bench for a prohibition, and to the House of Lords for a writ of error. Granted that the State recognized the Archbishop as having jurisdiction and a lawful tribunal, the State was on all hands recognized as the superior and supreme tribunal. And now in Dr. King's case, some surprise will probably have been excited by the statement of his counsel that time was wanted for the Bishop to consider whether he would submit to the jurisdiction claimed by the Archbishop, or whether he would appeal to the Privy Council, or apply to the Queen's ordinary courts of law for a prohibition to the Archbishop to prevent him from trying the case, as an excess of his jurisdiction. No doubt it is of great importance to the Bishop of Lincoln not to be tried by the Archbishop. If the Bishop's practices are condemned by the Archbishop, any appeal will be impossible, unless the temporal power is superior to that which Dr. King regards as spiritual. But a prohibition is a similar declaration of superiority. The exercise of independent functions of any sort cannot be hindered by legal prohibitions. If the Archbishop can be checked in his spiritual jurisdiction, it can only be in virtue of higher spiritual jurisdiction, and if that exists in the Queen's ordinary Courts of Law, his jurisdiction and theirs must alike proceed from the Crown. We are thus brought irresistibly to the conclusion that has pressed upon us all through our consideration of this subject, and it is, that archiepiscopal jurisdiction must be derived either from the Pope or from the Sovereign. There are multitudes who are prepared to deny that it can possibly come from the Queen : does not common sense and right reason, therefore, bring them to see that spiritual jurisdiction of one Bishop over another can only come from the Pope ?

JOHN MORRIS.

Father Damien.

GLORIA ET HONORE CORONASTI EUM, DOMINE !

DEAD, say they ? thou, of thine own sweet accord,
Who through long years a dying life did'st lead,
And only now, we know, dost live indeed,
Thy task accomplish'd ! Now canst thou afford
To rest, and go with joy to thy reward,
Oh ! lepers' friend, who did'st—'twas all thy care—
Nurse their vile bodies and their souls make fair,
Them loving for dear love sake of thy Lord.
Hero and martyr, of that glorious band
Of saints immortal, where few greater are,
For greater love than thine, sufferance more grand,
Few mortals proved ; to that bright Calendar
Another blest name hast thou added, and
Faith's heaven adorn'd with yet another star !

ROBERT STEGGALL.

Anglet and Our Lady of Refuge.

THOSE who followed with interest the journey of the Queen this spring to Biarritz, will doubtless remember the account of her twice-repeated visit to Anglet, the first undertaken out of affection for the Empress Eugénie, who had begged her to go and see this wonderful Christian work: the second in consequence of the deep impression this charity had made on a heart always ready to feel for sorrow or misfortune in whatever shape it may present itself. Public attention having thus been called to a spot hitherto almost unknown, as far as English people are concerned, we think our readers will be interested in a description of it, given in the words of the founder himself, who only a few years ago went to receive the reward of his almost superhuman charity.

Not far from the town of Bayonne, and near the famous baths of Biarritz, on the borders of the ocean and in the midst of a sandy and pine-grown desert, is a vast religious foundation which owes its origin to one man, whose name is held in veneration throughout the country, the Abbé Cestac. The inspiration to attempt it came in the following way:

"It was in the year 1830," he said, "I was a simple curate in the Cathedral of Bayonne, devoted to my poor parishioners and thinking of nothing else. One day I came upon two little neglected children, pale, miserable little objects, without decent clothes and almost dying of hunger. I inquired into their history and found they had been entirely abandoned and knew not where to go. I resolved to adopt them, placing them under the care of our Lady and calling them in my mind *orphans of Mary*. How to support them I did not quite see, as I had scarcely anything myself to live upon; but still I persevered. A charitable person offered me a room, rent free, where I placed them, and very soon five others came to implore the like protection. To encourage me, God sent me an excellent woman, who had been an old servant, and

who offered to come and look after them. The history of these poor little ones began to be talked about in the town. The mayor sent for me, spoke kindly of my adopted family, and proposed to give me an unoccupied house belonging to the Commune, which I gladly accepted. One person gave me one thing; another, another; and by degrees I found myself providing for no less than sixty of these little creatures, waifs and strays, who otherwise would have been in the streets. This was my first work; but a far heavier burden was to be laid upon me! One morning, while I was saying my Office, my mother, who lived with me, came and told me that a young woman who seemed very unhappy, implored to see me without delay. I went out to speak to her and found she was living on the streets, but earnestly wishing to leave her way of life, while, with many tears, she implored me to save her. An hour later came another, and then another, and so on for several days. What could I do with them? I could not mix them with my orphans, or take them into my own house; yet to send them back to their horrible life was impossible. At first I sent them to the Good Shepherd at Toulouse, Montauban, and Montpellier; but very soon this resource failed me, all these Refuges being full and the Superiors objecting to taking penitents from other dioceses. I could only pray that no more of these poor creatures would be sent to me.

That, however, did not seem to be God's will. The very next day two fresh girls appeared, imploring me, with many tears, to save them. What was to be done? I remembered that there was a disused loft adjoining the orphans' house, of the existence of which no one knew but myself. I bought a ladder for two francs, and taking the oldest of the two women who looked after the orphans into my confidence, I asked her if she would go up into the loft with these girls until I could make some other arrangement. She consented, and I conducted these poor lost sheep to their temporary refuge, saying to them: "My poor children! you have much to expiate and to atone for, so you must expect every kind of privation." They answered that they would accept and bear anything rather than go back to their old life. Well, it happened with the penitents as with the orphans; their number increased every day; my loft was full, and I did not know which way to turn. Then grave difficulties arose.

However careful my mother and I had been to keep the matter as quiet as possible, what I was doing oozed out. People began to gossip about it, some kindly, others the reverse; till what I had undertaken began to assume the appearance of a public scandal. They pretended that I mixed the penitents with the orphans, and some who were ill-disposed towards me brought their complaints before the Bishop, who, of course, sent for me and demanded an explanation, which I was only too happy to give him. He was very much interested in all I said, and thoroughly approved of what I had done, but added: "We must, somehow, get rid of the semblance of a scandal. What do you propose?" I told him that I saw only one way, and that was to build a Refuge for my penitents, and till I could get the money, to allow them to stop where they were. I could not deny that the orphans knew of their vicinity; but some of the penitents led such lives of penance and devotion that they were rather subjects of edification to the children than the reverse. Finally, the Bishop allowed me to go on as before until I could find some other shelter for them. But every day the situation became more difficult and my position more critical. I was living at that time with my old parents; my father, who had been a health officer and was very aged and deaf, yet still did his utmost to help others and served God with that loving simplicity which is most pleasing to Him. My mother was a woman of earnest piety: yet she had become discouraged by the hostility of our neighbours, and one evening when we were sitting by the fire, she said to me:

"My son! I think we must not tempt God: be satisfied with your orphans, and give up these poor women for whom you have no longer either room or means to support them.'

"I was answering sadly: 'Dear mother! has God ever forsaken those who trust in Him?' when we were both startled by my father's voice, both because we thought he was asleep in the alcove and because he generally never heard what we said. He rose up in his bed and exclaimed, 'Mother, what advice is it that you are giving to your son? you are tempting him to mistrust God! my child, do not listen to her, go on with your work, and never doubt Divine Providence. God, who has given you such love for His poor, will also give you the means to realize your plans for their salvation.'

"Thus encouraged, I persevered, in spite of all: but it became almost impossible to feed my poor children. The charity of my friends was exhausted. God was my only hope. One day, when I was almost in despair, I received a visit from a priest in the diocese, who was rich and had a large house on the outskirts of the town. He offered it to me, saying that he knew and approved of my work, and wished to share in it. I thought I was saved, and accepted it with joy, throwing myself at our Lady's feet to pour out my deep thankfulness. But that night, as I prayed again for light and guidance, I suddenly felt convinced that this house would not suit our purpose. It seemed as if the Mother of God showed me, as in a map, where I was to go, and dictated to me what I was to do. I saw, as in a vision, a country house far from the town, far from men, on the sea-shore, with nothing between God and nature but my poor penitents! I spent half the night in prayer, and in the morning went to my generous friend and said: 'You will think me very strange: but——'

"He interrupted me with a smile: 'You are going to refuse the house, and you are right. I have thought it over, and feel that that part of the town will not do for your work. But what can we do? Alas! I have not got the sixty thousand francs you want.'

"'The Blessed Virgin will get them for me,' I replied, and I was firmly convinced of it. But how? Now, you must know, that at Bayonne we have the habit of making lotteries for our poor after a peculiar fashion. We have four urns or baskets, in three of which we put the names of saints and some pious thoughts; and in the fourth the names of the subscribers, each person drawing a ticket out of each basket. I put in to one of these lotteries: and the first ticket I drew was *Divine Providence*; the second, *Our Lady of Refuge*; the third, *St. Francis of Paul*, the founder of the "Minims;" and the fourth, my own name. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I understand. I must found my refuge under our Lady's protection, with the help of Divine Providence. But what has St. Francis of Paul got to say to it? I have no particular devotion to him!' A few days later, passing by a shop, I saw a beautiful engraving of St. Francis of Paul, and one single word formed a kind of aureole round his head. This word was *Charity*! Everything became clear to me at once. St. Francis of Paul, the great

Apostle of Charity, wished to warn me that my work must rest on that alone, and that he would thus become the patron of the new Refuge.

"I resolved then to make a pilgrimage to Buglose, a famous sanctuary of our Lady, there to obtain, if possible, her grace and protection. When I arrived, I knelt first at the foot of St. Vincent of Paul's famous oak-tree, imploring the intercession of that great Saint: then I went on to the church, which was a little further off: and prayed earnestly to our Blessed Mother for her help in my grave difficulties. Then I went to look at the two other altars in the church: one was dedicated to St. Vincent of Paul—charity—always charity! the other to St. Mary Magdalene—the great penitent. Both seemed to realize what was in my thoughts and my most ardent wishes. With tears I went back to our Lady and implored her to obtain the sixty thousand francs for me. It seemed again as if she revealed to me the exact kind of creation she desired: I was to establish my Refuge in a sandy plain, near the sea—to employ my penitents in agricultural work, and spade husbandry as well as in needlework; and, above all, that I was to have the house open to all, either to come or go, to stay or to leave, at all times and on all days. Liberty and light were to be the essential basis of the new foundation. I came home full of hope and confidence, and a few days later, went to see a rich family living in a large house on the road to Anglet. I could not help thinking what a desirable place this would be for my poor children, and the consequence was that I was sad and absent-minded. My host remarked it, and asked me what was the matter? I confessed what I had been thinking about. He laughed and said:

"I know a house which would do better than mine. Come and see it! You can buy it for forty thousand francs."

"What is the use," I said sadly, "I have only scraped together ten thousand francs as yet."

"Never mind, come and look at it," he replied.

"I went; and the more I saw, the greater was my despair at the idea that I could not become its possessor. It was just what I wanted! filled with sorrow and discouragement, I was about to leave it, when I opened the door of one of the rooms, and what did I see? A large picture representing St. Mary Magdalene. I was as if transfigured, all my doubts and sadness vanished, and after a moment's recollection, I said to my companion: 'I will buy this house and offer thirty-eight thousand francs for it.'

"'Very well,' he replied, 'I will go to the agent and make the best bargain I can for you. When will you be ready to sign the contract?'

"'To-day is Tuesday. I choose Saturday, our Lady's day.' Then my doubts returned, and I added :

"'Perhaps we had better say the Wednesday after?'

"'All right,' he answered.

"I went away, and no sooner was I alone, than I became thoroughly ashamed of my hesitation and my want of trust. I spent two days in prayer and remorse. On the Thursday, I went to the lawyer, who was ill, and his servant refused to let me in. I persisted, and finally was admitted. 'Forgive me,' I exclaimed, 'but you have drawn up the agreement for the purchase of that house for me. I want to sign the contract on Saturday.'

"The lawyer suggested that he was too ill. I assured him that he would be quite well by that day. Saturday came : by loans and gifts I had obtained the whole sum required. The papers were signed, and the house was mine ! The very next week I moved my poor Penitents into it. I followed exactly the instructions given me by the Blessed Virgin. I never refused to admit any one, and money flowed in in the most wonderful way. How often, at the dinner-hour, there was not a scrap of bread in the house ! Yet some help always came. God took pity on us over and over again, when I thought we must perish with hunger. One day, when I had not a farthing left, one of the tradesmen came and said that unless I would pay him five hundred francs, which were due to him, he would send me to prison. I went into the church, and laid the letter before our Lady. Two minutes after, the father of one of the families who had come to Anglet for sea-bathing, asked to see me immediately, as he was returning to Paris. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'my wife made a vow that if her little girl was cured by the sea-baths, she would give five hundred francs to your Refuge. The child is well, and here are the five hundred francs.' That was the way Divine Providence came constantly to our aid when all human hope seemed vain.

"My original idea had been only to open a Home for my Penitents, but by-and-bye I discovered that I was to found a house of religious. Day after day ladies came to me, some of them among the best families in the country, asking to live under my direction, and to share in my labours with the

Penitents. After much prayer, and the advice of the Bishop, I resolved to yield to these pressing and reiterated entreaties, and to establish a religious order to be called 'the Servants of Mary,' who, in fact, formed the second part of my work.

"All who have lived pure and good lives may become, after their novitiate, 'Servants of Mary,' but the Penitents themselves are ineligible, however good their conduct, or however real their repentance. Between the two orders there is a great gulf fixed. Never had I fully understood the meaning of the sacred word *expiation* till I had watched these poor girls, although the most of them were ignorant, and of the lowest class. It seemed as if they could never do enough to purify and regenerate themselves, and they were always imploring me to let them do more to atone for their past lives. One evening, some cowherds in the Landes came to tell me that when passing before a cabin, they heard groans as of a dying man; but that having to look after their cattle, they could not stop to see what was the matter. I went at once, and found a poor old man named Larrieu in the hut, very ill of fever. He had lived there for years with a few goats, subsisting mainly on their milk and on the poor vegetables he could grow near his house. I sent two of our Sisters to nurse him, and when he got a little better, he begged to be moved to the Refuge. When he recovered, he still implored to remain, and asked me to take charge of his little bit of ground and of his cabin, which he placed at my disposal. I sent four or five of my strongest Penitents to take possession of the place, and to cultivate it. They were struck with the solitude and silence of the spot, and implored leave to remain there. I went to see them, and found them profoundly impressed with the stern aspect of the nature around them, where there was literally nothing to be seen but sand, sea, and sky. They begged to be allowed to keep perpetual silence. I objected at first, and stipulated that on Sundays and feast-days, at any rate, they should hold intercourse with one another. They obeyed for some weeks, and then once more entreated me to make their silence perpetual, saying that 'they thought this was clearly the will of God, that they thus worked better, and felt happier.' I ended by yielding to their wishes.

"Just about this time the old man, Larrieu, died, leaving me the whole of the little property which belonged to him. 'My children,' I then said to my Penitents, 'you are now at home. Do as you like. Strive to reclaim from the sea a little more of

this sandy, sterile ground, which may help to feed the poor and the orphans. Do not forget your motto—*Charity!* Charity has saved you; try and save others by yours: it will be the best way to pay your debt towards God and men.'

"Then these poor women spread themselves over the sands, only asking for the necessary tools. By degrees, they built a kind of straw monastery, with a chapel of the same material; but one night it took fire during a fearful tempest of thunder and lightning and rain, and the poor *Bernardines* (as I had called them) could only stand and see the utter destruction of their home!

"Their courage, however, did not fail. The very next day they began building again. A scrap of paper alone had escaped destruction amidst the ruins: What was it? The inscription over the picture of St. Francis of Paul, which I had given to the *Bernardines* with the words, *Charity!* Thus encouraged my poor children set to work, and soon a new building arose, better planned than the first. Then the Bishop came to see them, they having taken it into their heads to plead with his Guardian Angel that he might grant them the only thing they earnestly desired—which was, the permission to have the Blessed Sacrament in their chapel. Monseigneur went over the whole house; and when he came to the chapel he exclaimed: 'How is this? You have not got the Blessed Sacrament—the source of all life and strength?'

"'Monseigneur,' I replied, 'they climb up on the roof of their cells, from whence they can see our church, and adore the Sacred Host from a distance. It is fair to add that when it rains, they are wet through.'

"'This must be seen to at once,' replied the Bishop. 'I will have Mass said here and the Blessed Sacrament reserved.'

"You can fancy the joy of my poor children, whose prayers had been so specially answered without any further pleading on their part.

"We were thus all right with God; but not with men, that is, with the Government, which gave me a good deal of anxiety. The community of the *Servants of Mary*, and that of the *Bernardines*, had been canonically established; but I had not the civil authority, which is necessary in France before any work can be considered safe or permanent. All sorts of difficulties arose—my only hope was in God, my only resource, prayer. In the most marvellous way all obstacles were removed; and eight

days only after my petition had reached Paris, I received the formal and complete approbation of the Government."

After having thus briefly sketched the origin and history of his work, Abbé Cestac took us outside to see the premises. First we came to a large kitchen-garden, admirably cultivated, where the vegetables and fruits were equally fine. We were not surprised to hear that he had carried off all the prizes at the last horticultural show! Then we went into a kind of courtyard, where hundreds of rabbits were running about, safely kept in by a wire fencing. Then we visited the farmyard, where there were upwards of a hundred dairy cows, some magnificent oxen of the fine Baretonne breed, pigs, poultry, &c., all of the best kind. The dairy, the laundry, the bakehouse, and the carpenters' and shoemakers' shops followed, all kept in the most perfect order and in a wonderful state of cleanliness. The whole was managed by the Sisters; and women alone were employed in the workshops and gardens. Then we walked across the fields, where the crops were magnificent and the pasture no less so. Everywhere we saw the Sisters, dressed in dark blue, with a straw hat over their white cornettes, digging, hoeing, mowing, or leading the carts to which the horses or oxen were harnessed. Suddenly the Angelus bell rang, and they all knelt for a few moments in prayer; after which, they resumed their work. Then the Abbé took us back to the house, and there we found that if women excelled in men's work, they were just as clever at their own. In every room a certain number of novices were working under the superintendence of the elder Sisters. Their needlework was admirable. They made every description of clothes: from lady's and baby's trousseaux to priest's vestments, altar-linen, albs, cottas, and the like. The rooms were only whitewashed, but decorated with statues, flowers, and pictures, besides illuminated scrolls on which were written different maxims, such as: *When you feel angry, be silent; when you are calmer, speak.* As we came out the Abbé pointed to the picture of St. Mary Magdalene, of which we have spoken. "There is the picture!" he exclaimed. "It has no value in an artistic point of view, but it is most dear to me, for it was the cause of my getting this house." Then we went to look at the school-rooms, where the orphans are taught by the Sisters (who are all certificated) not only to read, write, and sum, but also every kind of industrial work. We found out besides, that these Sisters

have become the Providence of the whole country-side. Wherever there is sickness or misery they are sent for ; and they go at once ; nursing the sick, looking after the children when their mothers are ill ; tending the blind and the old, laying out and even burying the dead ; looking after the vestments, cleaning the churches, and seeing to the adornment of the altars—in fact, their charity is ubiquitous, and embraces every description of sorrow and need.

But we had not yet seen the *Bernardines*, and so we pushed on across the hot sands, till we came within sound of the big waves breaking on the vast sea-shore. Towards the horizon was a group of pines, their dark green alone breaking the line of sand and sky. The solitude was complete. We went first into the chapel. A simple altar and some wooden benches, with a poor "Way of the Cross" and a statue of Our Lady of Dolours, were the only furniture. Then we went into the refectory. A long table was placed the whole length of the room, and on it a row of brown pots—nothing more. "To-day is Friday," said one of the Sisters, "so they eat on their knees." Presently we saw a figure dressed in a white woollen habit, a black cross between the shoulders, a black hood over the head, a black scapular with a white cross on it, and a white veil over the face, with only two holes for the eyes—this was a *Bernardine*. Her feet were bare save for a laced hempen sandal ; and all were dressed exactly alike, while they diligently went on with their manual work. "Here is one of their cells," said the Sister, pushing open a door. We came into a species of cave, five or six feet square, dug in the sand and covered with thatch, going down into it by two steps. A straw mattress, stretched on wooden tressels, and covered with a woollen quilt, filled up one corner of the cell, of which the only ornament was a wooden crucifix hung above a shell containing holy water. Here they sleep winter and summer.

"Do they know one another?" we asked.

"No," replied our guide. "They work side by side in silence, and only speak to their confessor. If they want anything, they ask one of the old nuns who are always at hand to direct them. We read to them during meals."

"Are there many that can stand such a life as this?" we asked.

"Some have been here since the foundation!"

"It is strange and inexplicable," we replied, "without a special grace from God."

"Ah! there are very holy souls among them," answered the nun, "who go straight to Heaven. They are very happy."

Before concluding this article, we will give a rapid summary of the progress made in the work during the last few years. By the census of 1878, we find that the Institute of the "Servants of Mary" numbered 1,000 professed Sisters, 70 novices, 21 postulants, and 30 lay-sisters: that is, more than 1,100 Christian women, spouses of Christ, filled with the spirit of their holy founder, and living the life for which he destined them. The penitents numbered 170; the Bernardines 50. The number of orphans and children taught by the Sisters amounted to 8,256.

The mother-house of Anglet has an orphanage of 90 little girls, a boarding-school of 60 young women, and a professional school of 60 apprentices. Three holy souls in a special manner were permitted to be the helpers of Abbé Cestac in the accomplishment of his gigantic work. The first was his sister, *Eliza Cestac*, who threw herself with her whole heart into his plans, became Superior of the community in 1838, and died in 1849, being specially devoted to the orphanage. In religion she took the name of *Mary Magdalene*. The second, *Gracieuse Bodin*, called the "Black Mother," was the first spiritual child of Abbé Cestac. She devoted herself to the penitents, and has left the same holy memories of her virtues as the *Venerable Mother*. She was called *Sœur Marie Françoise de Paul*.

The one named *The Good Sister* completed the holy trio: a woman neither highly educated nor trained, but who by her extraordinary aptitude and generous devotion to the work, conceived and organized the whole of the manual labours of the community. To her were due the gardens, the bakery, the poultry-yard, the dairy, and all the different trades carried on in this vast establishment, while by her admirable management the finances of the Institution were placed on a solid and sure footing.

To these three heroic souls were added nine other remarkable women, who each and all contributed to the successful carrying out of Abbé Cestac's plans. The constitutions of the Order of the "Servants of Mary" were settled on December 9, 1841, and canonically approved of eight days later.

The first vows were pronounced on the Epiphany (January 6) 1842, before Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Bayonne. Their perpetual

vows date from January 6, 1847. The legal recognition of the Institute was obtained on January 14, 1852.

Humility, poverty, chastity, penance, and work; absolute trust in God and in the Blessed Virgin; no anxiety under present or future trials; no dower asked for or expected of the novices, all that is required being labour and chastity;—such are the bases of this new order, the success of which has amazed all who know and have watched its developement.

The venerable founder, the Abbé Cestac, died in 1868, in the full possession of his faculties, leaving behind him the reputation of a true saint. He was only sixty-seven years of age, having been born at Bayonne in 1801, and having been ordained priest in 1825 by Mgr. d'Astros. He rests now in the midst of his spiritual children, in the shadow of their chapel, invoked and blessed by them all as they daily pray and weep over his tomb.

A beautiful church in the moresque style was built in 1873 and decorated on the façade with statues of the four Evangelists, while a fine image of Our Lady of Refuge crowns the centre of the building.

In 1886, when we last visited Anglet, there were upwards of two hundred penitents, while the schools also had greatly increased in numbers. The whole place seemed to be imbedded in flowers, the production and importation of which forms one of the principal means of support of the community.

A cross surmounted with thorns, on the base of which is the inscription "God alone," has been erected in the grounds of this beautiful "Home of Expiation," and fitly represents the spirit of its inmates. The work has been now entrusted to the direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of Betharram, who continue it on the same principles and in the same way as the Abbé Cestac, and that with a devotion and intelligence which are visibly blessed by God.

The Royal Academy of 1889.

THERE seems to be a universal tendency in modern England to spread over a large surface the privileges formerly confined to the few. As in politics, so in literature; as in literature, so in art; the days of privilege seem to be passing away. All are to take part in the government of their country, directly or indirectly; all are to cultivate their intellectual powers; all are to develop, as far as may be, their artistic tastes. This involves, *inter alia*, an enormous increase in production; more political speakers, more writers of books, more painters of pictures. Does this wide diffusion of productive power promote individual excellence and foster genius? Most will answer mournfully that it seems to have the opposite effect. Among our younger politicians scarce a great orator; among our younger writers few indeed who will take a place in the first rank as writers of English classics; among our painters many men of skill and talent, but not many of whom we can say that their pictures will hereafter be reckoned among the masterpieces of art. Yet we do not wish to be pessimists in our appreciation. The general spread of literary and artistic taste is at least a compensating benefit, which may console us for the rarity of writers and painters of genius; and the lover of his kind may well balance the advantages on the one side and on the other, and perhaps decide that it is better to have a large number of writers and artists of undoubted excellence, than a few first-class men and the rest nowhere.

The pictures of the present year are without doubt up to a high standard of excellence. In the Royal Academy, in which we may generally look for the best display of talent, there is a collection of most beautiful and interesting paintings, worthy of the high reputation of English art. Though there may be, as there always must be, a large number of dissatisfied exhibitors or would-be exhibitors, it cannot be denied that the Committee of Selection have done their work well, and that, in spite of an

occasional mistake, they have shown good taste, impartiality, and an appreciation of what was most worthy of appearing upon the walls of Burlington House. We venture to prophesy that there will not be many of the rejected pictures, soon to be exhibited at Kensington, the absence of which from the Academy will be a subject of regret. Olympia is perhaps a convenient city of refuge for those that have been exiled from Olympus, but it will be a collection of mediocrities as compared with the assemblage that have found a place in the privileged galleries of Piccadilly.

The Catholic lover of art naturally turns his first thoughts to the sacred pictures of the Exhibition of 1889, and we mean by sacred pictures not those that represent scenes from Holy Scripture, but those which are intended to stimulate devotion, or at all events to turn the thoughts of the on-looker to Heaven, and not to earth, to the spiritual and invisible, not the sensible and material world. Thus we should scarcely call Holman Hunt's picture of the "Finding of Christ in the Temple" a sacred picture in the true sense. There is nothing ideal about it. The young Christ is but an ordinary child, and His Holy Mother and Foster-father have nothing whatever that raises them above the rank of an average Jew and Jewess of the middle class. In the present Exhibition there are several of these pictures, sacred in name but not in reality, and two or three Holy Families which have nothing that is holy about them. One of them, by Mr. Savage Cooper (133), has every appearance of being nothing else than a collection of portraits.

The picture is a sort of triptych; on the left is St. Elizabeth, a nice-looking, well preserved old dame of some sixty or seventy summers, buxom, and with the clear complexion that tells of a healthy old age. St. Joseph is the opposite panel, a pleasant, kindly, good-natured gentleman, a little past middle age. Our Lady in the centre, more ordinary and less comely than either her spouse or her cousin, with a rather silly indication of intellectual and moral inferiority, while the young Christ is a shy-looking, rather weak-minded boy, with no force of character or high aspirations apparent in His face, still less with any of the supernatural charity or Divine compassion that we have a right to expect in the Sacred Humanity of the Son of God. If we may hazard a conjecture, we should say that the group, dignified by the name of the Holy Family, really consisted of some relations or friends of

the painter, whom he thought to gratify by painting them in such a character.

A very different picture in kind but equally deficient in conception, if Jesus of Nazareth is its subject, is Mr. Simmon's "Carpenter's Son" (740). An ordinary and rather loutish-looking boy of twelve or fourteen is sitting on a bench in front of the picture, surrounded by the shavings which have fallen from the carpenter's work in which he has been exercising himself. In the background are his father and mother talking together, apparently about their son, two rather common-looking old peasants, with by no means a pleasant expression of countenance. It is true the boy has a sort of halo around his head, but whether it is the sunlight from the window behind that lights up the fringe of his hair, or some supernatural brightness, it is impossible to say. Yet we are not quite certain whether this is intended for a sacred picture at all. The aspect of the shop is modern, the personages have a modern look, and the costumes are certainly modern. It may be that the painter's idea was to represent a worthy couple gazing at their boy and imagining, as the sun falls upon his fair hair, that he is like the young Carpenter of Nazareth. In this case we have no fault to find with the picture, which is admirably painted, save that we think that it is a defect in any picture to leave the spectator puzzled as to the story it is meant to tell. But worst of all and most extraordinary is Mr. Prell's "Holy Rest" (212), representing the repose of the Holy Family on their journey to Egypt. There is nothing Oriental about the scene, but that is a small matter. St. Joseph, who looks out over a valley and river at their feet, calls for no remark; but our Lady in a sort of white head-dress, with its folds hanging down over her shoulders and her legs stretched out in most ungainly fashion, is not a pleasant person to look upon in herself, and when we remember who it is that is thus presented to us, raises a positive feeling of disgust at the thought that any one should thus degrade the Holy Mother of God. The leading feature in the picture is a most wonderful creature with wings—we cannot call it an angel, it is more like a dancing nautch-girl—who is, with its back to the spectator, playing the violin for the benefit of the reposing voyagers, a queer female figure with long red hair bound round with a fillet, and the half-naked form, draped, so far as the rather harpy-looking wings allow of (or rather half-draped), in a muslin garment of flimsy texture

and stamped with a very modern pattern of large flowers on a white ground, evidently lately purchased from the best haberdashers of Jerusalem, or whatever may be the city whence the strange creature has come. We say Jerusalem, but we warn our readers that we do not mean the Heavenly Jerusalem, for if the angels were such as the appearance of this strange creature would lead us to suppose, we should be inclined to agree with Mr. Harrison's estimate of the unattractive character of the company of Heaven. Mr. Elmslie's "Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" (344), is a picture which is excellent in itself, but nevertheless is scarcely one to which we give the name of sacred art. Our Lord is represented surrounded by a group of children, of whom one is offering Him a group of lilies, another a basket of roses, another a pair of turtle-doves. One of them He is carrying in His arms, and He places His hand upon the head of a most lovely, winning child, who seems to appreciate the privilege, and to be drawing virtue from the touch. The idea is well designed and executed, the grouping is good, and the disciples retiring rebuked set off the scene. But the central figure is a failure; it is a benevolent gentleman, not the Divine Son of God, who is surrounded by these little ones. His face is kind, and there is a sort of dignity about it, but nothing to raise the mind to the Heaven whence He came, or to tell of the infinite tenderness and yearning love of His Sacred Heart.

It is with a feeling of relief and pleasure that we turn to another picture which we do not hesitate to pronounce worthy of Catholic art. Mr. Long's "Jairus' Daughter" (503) is a sacred picture deserving of the name. Christ bends over the pale corpse of the maiden with an expression not only of deep and tender human sympathy, but of a gentleness and compassion more than human. There is something Divine in the look that He casts upon her, something that helps us to understand why it was that He drew to Himself all those in trouble or distress. There is just a reflection of the fathomless abyss of love which would be impossible even in the best of men. The face is not perfect; every picture of Christ is necessarily imperfect, as compared with what it seeks to portray. But it is a face such as we rejoice to see in contrast to the many sorry caricatures which modern painters indulge when they attempt to depict the Son of God. As we look at it, we feel grateful to Mr. Long for having painted

it, and given us at least one picture in which Catholics as such can take pleasure. The accessories of the picture are aptly conceived. The bereaved mother's look of anguish is most touching, while the bright exterior, and the brilliant colours of the passion-flower which we see through the open window, are a striking contrast to the scene of death within.

With a similar feeling of satisfaction we scan Mr. Topham's "*Dedication of Samuel*" (1188). The aim is not so lofty as that of Mr. Long's picture, and the scene suggests a mixture of the sacred thoughts and human emotions. But it is an admirable picture. The mother of Samuel is handing over her little boy to the aged Heli, to be consecrated to the service of God. The tender, wistful, half-hesitating, reverential look of her face tells to perfection the struggle in the mother's heart, the intense sorrow at parting with her darling, and yet the intense happiness of giving him to God. The child, guided by his mother, puts his little hand in the priest's, and the mixture of simple trustfulness and love, and half-wondering curiosity as to what is going to become of him, are equally well painted in his countenance. The mother seems scarcely to know whether she can trust her treasure to the dignified old man at whose feet she kneels, while Heli looks down upon the boy with a look of kindness and affection that seems already to win his confidence, and reconcile him to the parting from his fond mother for the service of his God. We notice, too, the elaborate gold embroidery on his little tunic, the first of those wrought with a mother's love, and brought year by year for the use of her first-born. How many tears had fallen while that tunic was being worked, and she was thinking of the coming separation!

Two other pictures which we should call religious rather than sacred, represent the Prodigal Son at the moment of his repentance and good resolution to return to his father's house. The two are a curious contrast. Mr. Swan's "*Prodigal*" (136) is crouching in a most expressive attitude of sorrow and penitence in the midst of a wild dark scene which well represents the darkness of soul of the central figure. Around him the snorting swine thrust in their unbidden snouts, while the red poppies scattered here and there are a fit emblem of the gaudy and vain delights that have led him astray. Mr. Mann's "*Prodigal*" (1254) is in almost every respect a contrast to the one just described. He is sitting on a hill-side glaring with

the brightness of noon-day—he himself dark amid all the sunlight around. The contented pigs slumber, stretched hard by, he alone is gloomy in his black despondency. If we interpret the painter's conception aright, it represents the Prodigal not yet repentant. The dissatisfied frown upon his face tells of hard remorse rather than the softening influence of true contrition; his attitude is not one of humbled sorrow. If we were to put the two pictures side by side, and to call the one, "*Noon-day*, the Prodigal's self-reproach," and the other, "*Evening*, the Prodigal's repentance," the contrast might be reconciled, and the two might tell a most useful story.

There are several interesting scenes from Bible history which we can scarcely call sacred pictures, such are "Jephthah" (315), in which the hero who returns in triumph is throwing himself down in terrified despair at seeing that the first creature from his house is his own daughter, and that therefore she is by his vow doomed to be sacrificed as a thank-offering for his triumph. Another more striking picture is Mr. Normand's "Death of the First-born" (1210). In front the father stands in mute agony, while in the background the mother, heart-broken, clasps the dead body of her son, and holding his head in her hand, laments over him with the abandon of frenzied grief; at one side a priest is offering incense before a shrine in which an idol may be seen enclosed, in vain hope that the boy may, through the power of the deity, be restored to life. Around, children and servants are grouped in astonished grief. The picture is beautifully painted, and the details of the Egyptian house have clearly been studied with minute care. A third of these Scripture scenes worth notice is Mr. Wardle's "Jezebel" (1234). The dead body of the King's daughter lies prostrate on the ground, and the hungry street dogs are snarling over their prize. There is a sort of dignity in the attitude of the body that tells of itself the story of her royal origin. Last of these Scriptural scenes of which this year there are fewer than usual, we would mention Mr. Goodwin's "Passage of the Red Sea" (603), which we must confess does not convey to us a very clear notion of that eventful tragedy.

Our yearly exhibitions are always strong in domestic scenes, especially in those which have a touch of pathos in them or tell some story of happy domestic life. In Mr. Clark's "Children's Children are the Crown of old Men" (90), a sturdy old English yeoman is surrounded by a group of his daughter's little ones.

The eldest girl, holding the cat at a little distance, is watching her grandfather, another child (is it a boy or a girl?) stands at his knees and looks up fondly into his face, a third nestles lovingly by his side, while the baby amuses itself with his hat on the floor. The mother, tea-pot in hand, is looking to the fire to see whether the water boils, wherewith the cup of tea is to be made for the welcome visitor. A very different scene is Mr. Bartlett's "Absent without Leave" (281). An old man, apparently at the point of death, is supported in his daughter's arms to bid farewell to his son, a soldier in a Highland regiment, "absent without leave" to visit his dying father, and now a prisoner with handcuffs on his wrists. He is stooping down to kiss the old man before he bids him a last farewell and departs with the two stalwart soldiers who are waiting to lead off their captive. There is a look of filial love in the poor prisoner's face that enlists the sympathies and pity of the lookers-on for the affection that has led him to brave the severity of military law.

Such another picture, but with far more that appeals to the heart, is Mr. Kilburne's "Forgiven" (681). An old man in the dress of a country squire of the last century sits on a chair in the balcony in front of his house. At his feet kneels a prostrate girl hiding her face upon his knees. The attitude of repentant grief, the travel-worn appearance, the bundle by her side, the lady-like but shabby clothes, tell the sad story clearly enough. The poor old father's face expresses the conflicting emotions within him. Her mother, supported by a faithful daughter who has never left her father's roof, has just come up and looks upon the scene, scarce believing the evidence of her own eyes, while in the corner of the picture a smart servant looks on in wondering curiosity. A painting like this is sure to be a favourite. To the same class of pictures belongs Mr. Bramley's "Saved" (698), though the scene is a very different one. The picture is one of the "Cornish" school, which has achieved such a high reputation. In the front of the fire of an English cottage, a Spanish lady, just saved from shipwreck, is sitting with a blanket round her knees. Escaped from the sea without notice of her danger, she has still her lace mantilla thrown over her silk dress and the gold bracelet round her wrist. In her hand she clasps her rosary, as if the painter would hint (can it be so?) that her escape is due to our Lady's saving care. She is gazing at the fire with the dazed expression of one who has not yet recovered the full use of her senses, and

who scarcely knows where she is or what she is doing. In the corner an old woman is pouring out a cup of tea for their strange inmate, and the children are looking on astonished. Outside we catch a glimpse of the seething billows and an old sailor at the door giving directions to the boatmen who are still bringing to the shore the inmates of the shipwrecked vessel.

Of all the domestic scenes—if it can be called a domestic scene—the most striking and the most powerful as a work of art is Mr. Orchardson's "*The Young Duke*" (243). A young nobleman of the Georgian era is giving a banquet to his friends on the occasion of his coming of age. Seated in rather a lackadaisical attitude at the head of the table, he is receiving the congratulations of his guests, who have risen to their feet and glass in hand are drinking his health with enthusiastic acclamations. They are all decked with the elaborate flowing wigs of the early period of the Hanoverian dynasty: wigs rather untidy and dishevelled it is true, but this may be accounted for by the festive character of the whole proceeding. The tapestry fading away into darkness on the walls forms a very apt background to the bright clearness of the various objects grouped on the snowy table-cloth. There is rather a prevalence of the yellows and browns that Mr. Orchardson has borrowed from his French training, and that is one of the features of his pictures. The details of the picture have been severely criticized. The shape of the glasses and the colouring of the liquor in them would suggest champagne, but it was then almost unknown—the table-cloth also, according to some, is an anachronism—and the china, if it is intended for Sèvres china, had not then become famous. There is a wonderful likeness prevailing among the guests. They all have the same shaped noses and mostly the same expression of countenance, but may not this be accounted for by supposing that it is a family party and that they all belong to the same noble house? No one can justly impugn the general effectiveness of the picture or the extraordinary perfection of detail with which the glass and china and fruit are painted. It appears to be esteemed by common consent the picture of the year.

We pass over the portraits, which, numerous as they unfortunately are, for the most part represent nonentities and are not of any interest to the general public, who are ignorant of the originals and regret to see the talent of a great painter wasted on a style which is not at all at his best. A Vandyck or Sir Joshua Reynolds is only born once in a century.

Last year we noticed the sea-pieces as the most successful of all the pictures in the Academy. This year we are inclined rather to give the palm to the landscapes. Landscape painting is the strong point of the English school, and the present exhibition nobly sustains our reputation. The sea-pieces are many and beautiful. The inland scenes are more in number and more beautiful still. Here we venture the opinion that the real test of such paintings is not whether the details are open to criticism, whether the sky is watery and some of the trees of very strange anatomy, and some of the figures, or other occupants of the scene, carelessly drawn, but whether the picture as a whole transports you to the scene it represents, whether as you gaze intently upon it you almost believe yourself there, whether it becomes to you a reality, and you rejoice in its beauties with something of the same satisfaction that would be begotten in you by the original. The effect of a great land or sea-piece ought to correspond to that of a great speech. The spectator ought not to be thinking to himself, What a beautiful picture! any more than the auditor ought to be thinking, What brilliant oratory! It ought to make him forget the representation for the thing represented, just as the actor ought to kindle our grief, or admiration, or enthusiasm, or indignation, as the case may be. Judged by this standard, we have every reason to be proud of our English landscape painters. Sir J. E. Millais' "Murthly Water" (74) is a landscape of this sort. As you watch the picture, you feel more and more the effect of the sunlight, and are conscious of a dim blue haze resting on the scene. The rippling water is so real, that after a time you are half inclined to listen to its soft sound as it goes plashing over the stones. The sister-picture by the same artist, "The Old Garden" (242), is quite as real. The quick-set hedges, and well-kept paths, and clear sky, the fountain pouring from the quaint porpoise, on whose back is seated a little imp blowing a horn, and crowning all the cottage with its thin smoke mounting through the summer air, are wonderfully true to life. If the spectator has never seen such a garden, he ought to have seen one, and when perchance he enjoys the sight, it will occur to him that he must have seen it before, or one very like it, just because in watching this charming picture he has watched a copy so faithful to the reality. If on the whole we prefer "Murthly Water," it is because it is a more difficult and delicate subject, in which success shows a higher exercise of the painter's power. Not less vivid

in its picturesque truthfulness is Mr. Leslie's "Berkshire Mill-stream" (10). It is perhaps just a trifle trim and stiff, everything is in such apple-pie order, but yet any one who knows anything of Berks will recognize the accuracy of the portrait. Mr. Harper's "Frosty Day" (78) is another of those paintings that force the scene upon the spectator. It is impossible to resist a consciousness of the crispness of the snow, save where the sun's warmth has slightly softened it, and quite naturally the thought suggests itself that the old man and woman who are enjoying a friendly chat will soon feel the effects of the cold if they stand still much longer.

The largest, and one of the most successful of these English pieces, is Mr. Goodall's "Harrow-on-the-Hill" (212). His versatile genius finds itself equally at home in the subdued tints of a Middlesex landscape and in the brightness of an Eastern sky. The clear transparency of the early morning in his "Leading the Flock" (26), sets before the spectator Cairo in the distance, and the morning stroller in the outskirts of the city will recognize the familiar scene of the shepherd and his flock, and the pools of water, and tall storks, and bright vegetation setting off the varied scene.

We must pass over many such landscapes and many more sea-pieces, lest we should weary the reader. Our object is rather to trace out from a Catholic point of view the leading features of the Academy. There are several pictures the presence of which we cannot help regretting, but we have reason to rejoice that they are so few. There are others which do not in any way offend against good morals, but which are to be lamented on account of the paganism of their conception. Sir F. Leighton is one who seems to us to be wasting his genius on what is unworthy of a great painter. His highest aim seems to be the representation of light drapery enveloping the human figure, and with a strange perversity he has a predilection for what is heathen rather than Christian. In his "Invocation" (31), which certainly is exquisite in its delicacy and refinement of line and colour, a graceful girl is standing before an idol, with her offering of grapes placed at its feet, her arms are holding up her gauze-like robe, at she utters her prayer. What god is it she invokes? Venus or Minerva? The grapes and vine-leaves surely cannot mean that it is Bacchus. The draped foot of the deity thrust forward suggests the goddess of wisdom, and the thoughtful expression of the face of the worshipper confirms the supposition. But all is

pagan, and the picture would have been more suitable to the Pnyx in the days of the Peloponnesian War than to the Academy of a Christian nation. His more elaborate, but far less attractive picture of "Greek Girls Playing at Ball" (300) is a rather meaningless study of outline and drapery. We cannot pronounce it graceful. The fair caster of the ball is in a most abnormal (shall we say unnatural) attitude, while the receiver, standing on tiptoe, and making a fruitless effort to reach the ball which flies over her head, is almost ungainly. What girl ever appeared to advantage while stretching out her hands to catch a ball? Ask any boy who has sisters whom he has forced into his service as cricket fags, or who have tom-boyish leanings to athletics, and he will tell you, but in his own uncomplimentary language, that never do they appear less graceful than when they extend their arms in the vain attempt after a catch beyond their reach. Mr. Alma Tadema has only one small picture in this year's Exhibition, and one more steeped in paganism even than Sir F. Leighton's "Invocation." "At the Shrine of Venus" (313) represents what has been variously described as the interior of a temple of Venus, with a little group of priestesses lolling in luxurious ease, and as the court of a Roman barber's shop, with Roman ladies waiting their turn to be waited on by the coiffeur. The fact that the picture admits of such a very different interpretation does not say much for its power to tell its own story. But letting this pass, the aim of the picture is low, and the spirit it breathes by no means elevating. It is hard to say why it was painted, except to show off the painter's marvellous skill in representing the richly-coloured marbles and the drapery of the women who lounge luxuriously on the couches within the temple. Such a picture is as unworthy of a great artist as the silly representation of the guests of Heliogabalus smothered under rose-leaves, which he exhibited last year. Another picture the presence of which we regret, is Mr. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love," occupying as it does a prominent place, which it ill deserves.

We do not pretend to have noticed one half of the pictures well worth noticing in this year's Academy. There are some fine historical paintings, though fewer this year than usual, a few scenes from ancient mythology, plenty of pictures with a strong vein of humour in them, many rife with the pathos of domestic sorrow and with the tenderness of home affections: a certain number of religious or quasi-religious pictures: scenes in church, Wesleyan Methodists at their devotions, children

saying their prayers at their mother's knee, and so on. But we must pass over all these just to notice a couple of Catholic pictures before we conclude. One of them represents a scene common enough in the land where the faith of St. Patrick still continues strong and pure as when the Saint left it as his bequest to the land of his adoption. Off the coast of Galway there is a little barren island sacred to St. MacDara, the patron of the Connaught fishermen. Here on St. MacDara's day, boats from the mainland bring a large number of pilgrims who go round the various stations visiting first one then another of the ancient crosses which are strewn over the island, and saying at each certain prescribed prayers. In his "St. MacDara's day" (1,211), Mr. Waterton represents the scene. At one of the crosses in front a typical Irish peasant-girl is kneeling with her younger brother reciting her *Paters* with much fervour. Another cross is seen in the distance and a number of men, women, and children belonging to the peasant class are walking along saying their beads. In the sea beneath lie a number of craft making their way to the island or waiting to carry passengers back. The characteristics of Irish coast scenery are beautifully given. The blue hills of Connaught stretch away in the distance, and the barren stony ground of the island is familiar to all who know the western shores of Ireland. The simple devotion of the people breathes in the attitude and figure of the barefooted girl and boy who kneel in front of the cross. Nor must we omit "A Voice from the Deep" (530), in which that veteran Catholic artist, Mr. Herbert, represents one of the traditions of Reformation days. On the sea-shore, half-buried in sand, a large bell with its clapper is revealed by an extraordinary low tide. Before it could be dug out, the returning flow had covered it and the drifting sand has ever since concealed the spot where it lies. But still from time to time when the storm rages the dwellers on the coast declare they can hear its chimes. Once it belonged to an abbey church hard by. But the spoilers carried it away to make cannon of when the monasteries were despoiled. The ship, however, had scarce set sail when a storm came on, and from the wrecked vessel this bell sank beneath the waves to ring for all future times a warning against sacrilege.

Professor Huxley on the Resurrection.

I.

IT is not without hesitation that we undertake to comment on the controversy between Professor Huxley and Dr. Wace in the *Nineteenth Century*. According to prevailing ideas, a man of education should allow himself a large freedom in his reading on religious questions, and should seek to know what the opponents, as well as the defenders of Christianity, have to say for themselves. Truth, it is said, loves the light, and is most likely to prevail when it has the *cons* as well as the *pros* before it. In the abstract this last proposition is perfectly correct. But before attempting to apply it we have to bear in mind ; first, that to have all the *pros* and *cons* before us in an abstruse and complicated subject like the origin of the Christian religion, is a thing difficult of attainment, and is certainly not attained by the mere reading of a few articles in a magazine ; secondly, that there should be competence in the judge, and that this is not furnished by the mere ordinary education of a gentleman. On these grounds, not to speak of others more spiritual, the Church, whose prudence is always deep and far-reaching, discourages, and even proscribes, the reading of infidel writings by all who have not the requisite training, and are not called to the task by any distinct necessity. We hesitate, then, to offer our comments on this controversy, lest we should appear to be recognizing a practice to which the Church is so opposed. However, there are those who do come under the specified conditions which justify them in following the controversy, and there are unfortunately many more who are following it in fact, though unadvisedly. Under these circumstances, it seems a duty to speak out, and endeavour to show that the rationalistic onslaught is not so serious as Professor Huxley would have us believe.

It is best to commence by defining the intellectual attitude which as Catholics we can afford to take up towards these

controversies. If some dogma of the faith were under attack, we could say, "I will follow the discussion, and do my best to satisfy myself about the defence of the dogma. But I am not bound to stand or fall by the success or failure of the defence. I have the Church and her teaching to fall back upon." In the present instance, however, the attack is directed against the fundamental facts on which the Church's authority rests. If Christ did not rise from the dead, if He was but a mere man, if, although the Teacher of an exquisitely spiritual doctrine, He was nevertheless liable to delusions, and was in fact deluded on several points, He could confer no authority on any Church which He may have founded. Am I not bound, therefore, to satisfy my own mind as to the real or fictitious character of these alleged but contested facts, before I can listen at all to the Church? And if I am bound to this inquiry, can I conduct it on any basis save that of a critical examination which will be difficult, which must last an interminable time, quite beyond the life of an individual man, which will be full of complexities and obscurities, which will pass through many vicissitudes, before it arrives at, if it ever does arrive at, a certain termination? If this is my obligation, where am I till the end is definitively reached? Above all things, where am I if I am without the power and opportunities to conduct the examination and arrive at a competent conclusion? We are putting the question as it might arise on the supposition that the crisis is really as serious as popular teachers inform us, and indeed no one can deny that German criticism has brought into view some perplexing difficulties against the received belief. On its constructive side this criticism seems to have experienced more of failure than success, but in so far as it is destructive, it is certainly the most formidable opponent the Church has ever had to deal with.

The question just put can receive a satisfactory answer, at all events in the Catholic Church. We have much to rest upon which can bear the weight, and which is quite independent of our power to find an egress from these critical puzzles. In the first place, let us remember what is meant when we say that we have our faith. Faith is a gift of God—that is to say, it is an intellectual assent, responding to Divine revelation, which is produced in our minds primarily by the operation of the Holy Spirit. If we place ourselves for the moment at the stand-point of God, we cannot deny Him the power thus to act upon us; and there is self-introspection to give us experiential assurance

of the reality of the effect. Again, these spiritual gifts, although gifts, are still proportioned to the earnestness of our prayers and desires, and to the fidelity of our correspondence with them. It follows that the more urgent we are in prayer, the more faithful in conduct, the more closely we strive to live in the Divine Presence, the larger in return will be the measure of the Divine gift, and the fuller the corresponding increase of our faith. Here also we have an anticipation which experience justifies. All this is of immense moment to us as a guide to the course we ought to pursue in these troublous times. Still something more is wanted. We want some justification of our faith which will be available in the court of reason. We want to be able to "give a reason for our faith," both to ourselves and to others who may demand it of us. Not necessarily one whose validity they will be constrained to admit, but one whose validity they ought to admit if they will reflect, and endeavour to be candid. This intellectual want has not been left unprovided. We have the imposing fact of the existence of the Catholic Church, persisting through all these ages, still unsubdued, still green with perpetual youth; although she has passed through a long succession of conflicts of the most various kinds, each of which in its turn was declared by the prophets of the day to have given her the death-blow. There is her marvellous unity combined with her immense extension, a phenomenon without any parallel on earth, and not traceable to the action of any natural causes, but rather in defiance of them. There is the wonderful sanctity of her doctrines, and the personal sanctity which she is able to engender in hearts. The sanctity of doctrine may not be so clear to outsiders, but it is as clear as crystal to us, who understand them. Personal sanctity, however, is recognized and venerated by all alike. At this very time the world is doing homage to one such life, a life devoted to the service of the lepers on a lonely island in the Pacific. Father Damien's life is worthy of the admiration it excites. It is a moral miracle; and yet it is only one out of an innumerable multitude of its sort. In an article like this, dealing with a controversy in respect to which we are on the same side with our non-Catholic though Christian fellow-countrymen, we would desire to place our case as far as possible on common ground. Truth compels us to say that the sublimest miracles of sanctity are only found in the Catholic Church, but we gladly allow and maintain that the class of lives whose excellence is clearly supernatural are to be

found among them. The point which needs to be pressed in the interests of our present contention is, that lives of holiness, the flowering of which in noble self-sacrifice for the good of others so fascinates the world, are all found to be "lives hidden with Christ in God." The life of Jesus Christ is the pattern on which they are formed, the love of Jesus Christ is their impelling motive, the companionship of Jesus Christ is the force which sustains them.

Once more there is the intense spiritual force which is in the Holy Scriptures, particularly in the New Testament, most particularly in the Gospels. This is something which remains quite untouched by criticism: it lies beyond its reach. It is a thing to be felt, not defined; and it is in the power of all to feel it. We do not say that all do feel it. Professor Huxley tells us that he himself makes a practice of reading the Bible, yet he does not appear to find what we speak of. It is not for us to sit in judgment on him. Nevertheless, we fearlessly say that the impression which a devout and careful study of the Sacred Text is calculated to produce on a candid and unsophisticated mind is that it is a work of God. We are presupposing no doubt that those whom we are addressing can bring to the study of these three imposing facts that belief in the Existence, the Goodness, and Providence of God, which is gathered from the exercise of reason on the phenomena of the material and moral world. Given the same presupposition there is still another fact which ought to exercise, and does exercise, a powerful influence on minds in attaching them to the Christian faith. We refer to the growing pessimism which is the Black Care behind agnosticism. If God is God, there must be some light of life. It is wanting in the ranks of agnosticism. It is found only in the ranks of Christianity.

It has only been possible to indicate these motives of credibility in the roughest outline, but enough has been said to identify them as constituting the solid and sufficing ground on which our Faith can repose in calm assurance of an ultimately satisfactory result, while we watch and perhaps take part in the present critical conflict. If to some of our readers we seem to have sinned more by excess than defect in devoting so much space to this collateral question, our defence is that we have desired to keep a practical end in view.

Professor Huxley may always be trusted to present his case effectively, and in the present instance he has the very great

advantage of a negative thesis. The side of negation is to the controversialist addressing a popular and unreflecting audience what the weather-gauge is, or was, to a naval combatant. On all subjects it is so much easier to raise objections than to answer them. A few simple sentences adroitly worded and easily intelligible, will succeed in pulling down, when long pages of complex reasoning are required to build up again. The reflective student is aware of the difference and makes allowance for it, but your general reader is taken in. The general reader is also likely to fall a victim to the *ad captandum* arguments which Professor Huxley has allowed himself to indulge in. It was very shrewd to suggest that the credibility of the Sacred Writings, and indeed our Lord's own words, must be measured by the independent credibility of the Gadarene pig-story. But this was distinctly an argument *ad captandum*. The obviously sound procedure is to examine first the centre and substance of the Christian facts, and from them pass on to estimate any outlying incidents which may adhere to them. A story which in itself is not very probable, may assume an entirely different complexion when viewed in its relation to connected facts of undoubted certainty.

In spite of these advantages and quasi-advantages in his favour, we doubt if Professor Huxley will be considered by competent judges to have achieved any very signal success. He began by taking for his stand-point that of the Tübingen School, which even among rationalists is losing favour. And he has addressed his challenge to a writer much more familiar than he himself is with the ins and outs of a very complicated speculation. It might be instructive to retrace the course which the discussion has hitherto followed, and take note of the many points advanced which Mr. Huxley has been unable to sustain, and of the evasions into which he has drifted. This, however, has been sufficiently indicated by Dr. Wace himself in his May article, and after all it is of small account to us which of the two individual advocates may have best maintained his position. Our better course will be to select from the controversy the point which is of most vital importance, and examine it on its own merits.

Professor Huxley makes much of the bias with which orthodox writers necessarily approach this subject. They are "counsel for creed," opposing themselves to "men of science," "special pleaders," "official apologists with their one eye on

truth and the other on the tenets of their sect." In making these insinuations he is only following in the wake of the critics to whom he attaches himself. Our eyes are blinded, these critics tell us, by the rooted persuasion with which we start, and this is the reason why we have not long ago accepted their conclusions. In fact, we are dominated by "Tendency." Be it so, but how is it that these people fail to acknowledge that they are themselves in like servitude? If we enter on these inquiries with the persuasion that no conclusion of criticism can be sound which does not fall in with our theological dogmas, do not they start with the conviction that no critical conclusion can be sound which is at variance with the philosophical dogma of naturalism? There is no such thing as the supernatural, they exclaim. Any narration involving it is therefore incredible, and so far forth discrediting to the document which contains it. Let us hear Strauss, for instance :

When the narrative is irreconcilable with the known and universal laws which govern the course of events (it is not historical). Now, according to these laws, agreeing with all just philosophical conceptions and all credible experience, the absolute cause never disturbs the chain of secondary causes by single arbitrary acts of interposition, but rather manifests itself in the production of the aggregate of final causalities and of their reciprocal action. When, therefore, we meet with an account of certain phenomena or events of which it is either expressly stated or implied that they were produced immediately by God Himself (Divine apparitions, voices from Heaven, and the like), or by human beings possessed of supernatural powers (miracles, prophecies), such an account is so far to be considered as not historical.¹

This is his very first criterion for the detection of a myth, and its decisiveness is similarly maintained and placed in the front rank by the entire naturalistic school of interpreters, from Reimarus in the middle of the last century down to the present day. How is the application of this criterion to be conducted? The criticism of documents is by the application of the laws of language, not of philosophical reasoning. The latter can be employed as an external stimulant provoking criticism to study the application of its own linguistic laws with greater diligence and accuracy. But it must not itself enter into the critical sanctuary. The aim is to discern a harmony between the philosophical and the critical result, and the harmony is legitimate only when it results without violence and in the due course

¹ *Life of Jesus*, Introduction, § 16. Edition of 1840.

of the critical procedure. Thus the philosophical creed of the naturalist and the theological creed of his opponent are related each exactly in the same way to the course of biblical criticism ; and in proportion as either is believed in by its upholders, will it tend to direct the criticism towards a congenial conclusion. In either case, the direction imparted will be mischievous if it seeks to obtain its end by any violence done to the laws of language, and in either case it will be unobjectionable and even useful, if it refuses to be satisfied with anything short of exegetical truth and does not oppose itself with undue stubbornness to the acknowledgment of such truth when it is really made manifest. We may add that in either case any one with a fondness for calling names has his opportunity, and can brand his opponents as "apologists," "special pleaders," "counsel for creed and not men of science," &c. The true moral, however, suggested by these reflexions is not that a man should endeavour to strip away all previous beliefs before applying himself to the problems of biblical criticism, but that he should endeavour to deepen his resolution never wittingly to admit anything save truth into his mind. Are there not some reasons for thinking that this is the very kind of resolution which the spiritual aspirations of Christians are calculated to produce ? It is of supreme importance to a Christian to be certified that the facts which underlie his faith are real, because, if they are not, he is embarking in a great venture which can never reach its destination. But if we are to start with the practical certainty that there is neither God, nor Christ, nor future hope, it is difficult to see why the truth about religion should not sink to the same level of importance as truth about art or natural science.

II.

We Christians start from the Creed of Supernaturalism : Professor Huxley and his allies from the Creed of Naturalism. If sound criticism has reached conclusions inconsistent with one or other of these creeds, undeniably that creed ought to be abandoned. What, then, is the case ? Let us examine it with reference to that one fact which is most vital to the Christian faith, the Resurrection of our Lord. If this is a genuine fact, it must be miraculous, and the Creed of Naturalism must go. If, on the other hand, it is spurious, then the Creed of Supernaturalism must go, or at all events the Creed of the Catholic Church must go. We shall not care to defend the latter as a

whole if we cannot defend the historical truth of the Resurrection. And our opponents will probably not feel the same interest in attacking other alleged supernatural facts, if they are obliged to recognize the supernatural character of the greatest of them all.

It is best to commence with the testimony of St. Paul. Even those German critics who make the cleanest sweep of New Testament writings, have felt constrained to admit the genuineness of four Pauline Epistles, viz., the Epistle to the Galatians, that to the Romans, and the two to the Corinthians. Let us hear Professor Huxley.

If there is any result of critical investigations of the sources of Christianity which is certain, it is that Paul of Tarsus wrote the Epistle to the Galatians somewhere between 55 and 60 A.D., that is to say, roughly, twenty or five-and-twenty years after the Crucifixion. If this is so, the Epistle to the Galatians is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of extant documentary evidences of the state of the primitive Church. And, be it observed, if it is Paul's writing, it furnishes us with the evidence of a participator in the transactions narrated. With the exception of two or three of the other Pauline Epistles, there is not one solitary book of the New Testament of the authorship of which we have such good evidence.¹

By the "two or three of the other Pauline Epistles" are meant the three others we have just named. Professor Huxley is somewhat grudging in his acknowledgments, and in a footnote he guards himself "against being supposed to affirm that even the four cardinal Epistles of Paul may not have been seriously tampered with." Also in another note he warns the reader that "there is a school of theological critics who more or less question the historical reality of Paul, and the genuineness of even the four cardinal Epistles." But we may disregard this *caveat*. The alleged tampering is confined to the concluding portion of the Epistle to the Romans, on which it will not be necessary to draw: the suspicions of spuriousness broached by Bruno Bauer and a few others, are considered by Holtzmann, a critic after Mr. Huxley's own heart, to be of little practical moment, and to belong rather to the history of criticism. We may therefore assume without fear of contradiction from any respectable quarter that, through these Epistles we are brought into immediate contact with the

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1889, p. 496.

one among the Apostles whose labours contributed most towards the founding of the Christian Church.¹

In the opening verses of the Epistle to the Galatians, this writer claims to have been appointed to his apostolic office "neither by men nor through men, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father *who raised Him from the dead*;" that is to say, not only was his appointment ultimately from God, but it was received directly from the lips of the Risen Christ, no other human personality intervening, as for instance in the case of Matthias. Later in the chapter the same statement is repeated with emphasis,² and in 1 Cor. xv. 8, he says, "Last of all He appeared also to me, as to the one born out of due time." Nothing could be more direct and categorical. The Apostle was internally convinced that he had seen, and according to 1 Cor. ix. i., it was also notorious to the Corinthian Church that he had seen, Jesus Christ in the flesh, the flesh restored to life by the Resurrection.

But Professor Huxley disputes the value of the conviction. He refers us to a passage lower down in the chapter quoted from the Galatians,³ where St. Paul tells us that after his conversion, when he claims to have been the recipient of this visit from the Risen Christ, he refused to take counsel with men, but retired at once into Arabia.

Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem to the Apostles who were before me, but I went into Arabia.

To this passage Professor Huxley appends the following comment:

I do not presume to quarrel with Paul's procedure. If it satisfied him, that was his affair; and if it satisfies any one else, I am not called upon to dispute the right of that person to be satisfied. But I certainly have the right to say that it would not satisfy me, in like case; that I should be very much ashamed to pretend that it could, or ought, to satisfy me, and that I entertain a very low estimate of the value of the evidence of people who are satisfied in this fashion, when questions of objective fact, in which their faith is interested, are concerned. So that when I am called upon to believe a great deal more than the oldest Gospel⁴ tells me about the final events of the history of Jesus, on the authority of Paul (1 Corinthians xv. 5—8) I must pause. Did

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 10.

² Galat. i. 12.

³ Galat. i. 16, 17.

⁴ He means the Gospel of St. Mark, minus the last nine verses which he rejects, with many, as spurious.

he think it, at any subsequent time, worth while "to confer with flesh and blood," or, in modern phrase, to re-examine the facts for himself, or was he ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas? Does he mean, when he speaks of all the appearances of Jesus after the Crucifixion as if they were of the same kind, that they were all visions, like the manifestation to himself? And finally, how is this account to be reconciled with those in the first and third Gospels, which, as has been seen, disagree with one another.

This is all we are told in Professor Huxley's article about St. Paul's testimony, and it is on these grounds that we are invited to reject it. Could anything be more inadequate than such criticism? By what right is it assumed that the Apostle's refusal to confer with others convicts him of incapacity to estimate the value of evidence, of being a man "ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas"? If the alleged appearance was unreal we ought so to regard him; if it was real we ought not. A personal dialogue with another person is the most convincing evidence of his existence that a man can have. If Professor Huxley had an interview with Mr. Knowles to arrange for the publication of his articles, he is not likely to have required independent evidence that Mr. Knowles was still alive. Now this is just St. Paul's contention. He tells us that he had had such a dialogue with Jesus Christ, and that its nature and circumstances were so convincing as to remove all doubt about its reality. To pronounce him, then, to be a credulous and unreliable witness, on the sole score of his abstention from conferring with others, is simply to beg the question. Let us, however, endeavour to appreciate the full force of the Apostle's conviction. Professor Huxley suggests that he was a man "ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas." He has in view, no doubt, the subsequent occasion when St. Paul at length met and conferred with the older Apostles. Still it suggests the inquiry how far the change of life which he accepted on the faith of the personal revelation which he conceived himself to have then received, ran counter to his preconceived ideas at the time of his conversion. The "critics" have laboured hard to invent for him a precedent frame of mind which would have predisposed him to accept that miracle. But all the evidence we have goes to show that these preconceived ideas must have prejudiced him intensely against it. The testimony which it compelled him to render is the testimony of a fierce and

active enemy. "You have heard of my conversation in former days in Judaism, how I used to persecute the Church of God beyond measure, and was engaged in destroying it."¹ It is the testimony of a convert abandoning a career of much promise in order to embrace one of intense suffering and humiliation.

In many toils, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes beyond measure, in deaths often. From the Jews five times did I receive forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice did I suffer shipwreck, a night and a day I was in the deep. In journeys often, in dangers from the rivers, in dangers from robbers, in dangers from my countrymen, in dangers from the Gentiles, in dangers in the city, in dangers in the desert, in dangers on the sea, in dangers from false brethren. In toil and travail, in many vigils, in hunger and thirst, in many fastings, in cold and nakedness.²

It is the testimony of one who, under the constraint of his new-born convictions had been compelled to separate himself from friends and fellow-countrymen whom he dearly loved, to challenge and experience the bitterest hostility at their hands, and to embrace the belief that they, the chosen race, the heirs of so many privileges, had fallen from their high spiritual estate into a soul-destroying apostasy. It is hard to pass from a life of ease to a life of suffering; still harder to sacrifice the enjoyment of popular esteem and incur in its stead contempt and persecution; but hardest of all to a noble and affectionate nature is the change of attitude when it causes a man to be reckoned a traitor and treated as an outcast by those to whom he is bound by the tenderest ties of kinship and country. If we do but try to project ourselves into these conditions of the Apostle's life and endeavour to realize his description of them, we cannot but be impressed by the intensity of his convictions. Still, there is a counterfeit conviction which can be founded on delusions. The important question yet remains, When he declared that he saw Jesus Christ, was he the witness of truth or the victim of a hot fancy? This, however, is an inquiry which had better be allowed to stand over till we can combine it with a similar inquiry concerning the other witnesses.

For these Epistles of St. Paul furnish us with unimpeachable evidence not only that the Apostle claimed himself to bear personal witness to the Resurrection, but that the same claim was made by others. Professor Huxley blames St. Paul for having abstained from any attempt to verify the reality of

¹ Galat. i. 14.

² 2 Cor. xi. 23, seq.

his "vision" by comparison with the allegations of others. After all, this abstention was only temporary. Let us for the sake of argument concede that it made his change of faith unreasonable and his witness valueless as long as it lasted. But what is that to us who are concerned only with his means of information at the time when he wrote the letters which record his testimony for us? Before that time he did see the elder Apostles and confer with them. Professor Huxley, indeed, suggests that, as he was then already imbued with ideas in favour of the Resurrection, we must regard him as one prepared to accept the assertions of the older Apostles without any sufficient sifting. Against this suggestion we may repeat the argument already drawn from the important issues which the change involved, issues which it is reasonable to think were still more forcibly realized after the three years of reflexion and experience. The true appeal, however, is to the personal character and qualities of the Apostle, the discussion of which we are deferring to the end of the article. Meanwhile it is observable that whatever use St. Paul may have made of his opportunities, they were in themselves singularly good. In previous days he had been in the counsels of the authors of the Crucifixion, and must have heard their story. Now he is in personal contact with two of the original followers of our Lord. Let us hear, then, what he has to say about his intercourse with them and the information obtained. He says,¹ that after his visit to Arabia, he returned to Damascus where apparently he remained for some time in intercourse with the members of the Church there, and perhaps engaged in preaching. Thence after three years he went up to Jerusalem "to see Peter." The word usually translated "see"² in this phrase is striking. It implies that the object seen was imposing, as a fine city or a great person. It must signify then here, that Peter was visited on account of the important and leading position which he occupied in the Church. It signifies, in fact, that St. Paul went up formally to consult him, as the man most qualified by his personality and office to communicate authentic information. He had not on this occasion the opportunity of conferring with all the Twelve.³ Apparently they were not at Jerusalem either then or during the subsequent visit mentioned in the Epistle to the Galatians as having been paid fourteen years later.⁴ Indeed it is likely enough that he never met

¹ Galat. i. 17, seq.² *ἰσθόρησαι*.³ Galat. i. 19.⁴ Galat. ii. 9.

them all. But he met James, the Lord's brother, during both visits, and St. John during the last. Nor is it lawful to press the statement of Galat. i. 22, so far as to conclude in the teeth of all probability that he was not brought into personal and familiar contact with the Christian community in Jerusalem. Thus he had access to the most satisfactory sources of information, and with his intense realization of the supreme importance of a solid foundation of facts for his teaching it is impossible to believe that he did not avail himself of the opportunities to the full. Nor are we left to inferences. In the passage cited from the Epistle to the Corinthians,¹ where he gives us the most definite statement of the appearance of the Risen Lord accorded to himself, he testifies also to five distinct appearances as having been accorded to others.

For I delivered to you among the first that which I also received ; that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. And that He was seen by Cephas, and afterwards by the Twelve. After this He was seen by five hundred brethren at one time, of whom the greater part remain to the present day, but some too have slept. Then He was seen by James, then by all the Apostles. But last of all He was seen even by me, as it were by the one born out of due time. For I am the least of the Apostles, who am not worthy to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God.

Here is a distinct and formal statement, concerning which no man can deny that as it is found in a genuine document so it bears upon its face the evidence of having been based on careful inquiry. It was based on personal communication with at least two of the principal actors on the occasions referred to, and almost certainly with many of the five hundred brethren. It was made by a man of unimpeachable candour, and made at a time when most of the persons to whom it related were still living and could be consulted by the Corinthian Church. We may take then the historical certainty of the statement as established so far as it declares that all these persons claimed to have seen their Risen Lord in the manner described.

Now what is the significance of these claims? According to Professor Huxley merely a claim to have had a vision, the sort of psychological experience which is a common vehicle of mental delusions. But in the first place the Apostle does not say that they were visions. His words are very concise, still they

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 3—10.

imply with sufficient clearness that the appearances were just such as they are described in the Gospels. Appearance in vision does not carry with it the implication that the person appearing is endowed with a bodily form. He may be a disembodied soul invested for the nonce with the semblance only of a body. We are not talking of what may be in the abstract, but of what was understood to be. We read of many visions in Scripture, as for instance of the Angel Gabriel, but we do not read of any conclusion being drawn that this Angel had a body. On the other hand these appearances are appealed to as evidencing that our Lord had recovered His real body. That suits appearances, of the kind for which the Gospels vouch, and does not suit visions. Nor let it be said that St. Paul's own was a vision, and that therefore the others were so too, since they are treated as all belonging to the same category: because this is an assertion which may be retorted. However, even if they were visions, it does not follow that they were unreal. Although while walking in the gloaming I may mistake a tree for a man, this does not prevent me from feeling legitimate certainty afterwards that it is the man I have got at length, and not the tree. The appeal is to the nature of the actual phenomenon as felt by its subject. If there was a personal dialogue, this was the sort of evidence which is the most convincing of all. If indeed we were constrained to import into our judgment the creed of naturalism and assume that visions being miraculous are impossible, then these assumed visions really were delusions. This, however, would be philosophy not criticism, and the very point we are striving to make good is that it is to philosophy, not criticism, that the rationalistic conclusions are due. This point is one on which more must be said presently.

The next point of significance about the detailed statement in I Cor. xv. 3—10, is that these others, just in the same manner as St. Paul, reveal to us the intensity of their convictions by the manner of life which they were prepared to embrace on the strength of them. Like St. Paul, the Twelve also conceived it their duty to preach the doctrines of the Death and Resurrection. In the verses following those transcribed higher up, he speaks several times of this preaching, and always he associates himself with the rest, and employs the plural number. "Whether I or they, so we preach, and so you have believed:" "If Christ be not risen, then *our* preaching is vain, and your faith is vain:" and so on. And

like St. Paul, the Twelve also meet with constant persecution in return for their testimony.

For I think that God hath set forth us the Apostles last of all, as men destined to death ; for we are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men. . . . Until this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain abode ; and we toil, working with our own hands. We are reviled, and we bless ; we are persecuted, and we endure it ; we are defamed, and we intercede ; we are made as the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all men even until now.¹

As with the Apostles, so with the five hundred brethren. Who shall fail to read, in the Apostle's reference to them, that their conviction was of the same firm and undoubted character, and that they bore testimony to it with the same constancy in the face of persecution ? It is likely enough that some of those who "slept" had been among the martyred victims to the destroying zeal of the yet unconverted Saul. At all events, it is sufficiently certain that for disciples as well as teachers—although, indeed, many of these five hundred must have been teachers—the Christian life in those fierce days was a life requiring the sacrifice of nearly all that the world holds dear. Yet they were prepared to endure it all on the faith of what they believed themselves to have seen, and at the date of the letter to the Corinthians, that is, after twenty years' experience of the realities of persecution, they were still as ready as ever to bear their witness concerning it to others.

Now let us reflect who these five hundred, with their Apostolic leaders, were. They were the nucleus of the Catholic Church ; the root out of which all the Christian generations have sprung : the fountain-head from which they have drawn their Christian life and thought. It was the faith of these men which was passed on to each accession of converts added to their number. We are not now either denying or affirming the existence of subsequent doctrinal accretions to the original creed. We say only that belief in the Death and Resurrection of our Lord was no accretion, but a fundamental element in the original creed. Here, at all events, is no room for myth. We are brought into immediate contact with the men who knew Jesus Christ in the flesh. It is their testimony we hear, and they pledge their word for it with all seriousness, that He did die, and did rise, and that they with their own

¹ 1 Cor. iv. 9-12.

eyes saw and talked with Him about this Resurrection after it was accomplished.

It has been suggested that the statement of St. Paul on which we have been commenting, has about it the vague and indeterminate character which belongs to belief not really rooted in solid fact. The criticism is not just. There is no indeterminateness whatever. All is studiously definite. The absence of detail is not owing to want of knowledge, but because further exposition was not required by the occasion. The Apostle is not giving an exposition of the fact for the first time : he is appealing to expositions which his readers had already received from him. "I delivered to you," &c. The Gospels, however, fill in St. Paul's picture with very definite circumstantial colouring. If their representation is accepted, the vision-theory concerning the apparition falls to the ground at once. But here Professor Huxley meets us with a protest. Do not the Gospel narrations disagree both with St. Paul and among themselves, so that their testimony stands self-condemned? And again, what credence can be attached to statements made in documents written by unknown authors in a later age? It is clearly impossible to attempt any lengthened discussion of these objections in the present article. Still a few remarks will not be without use in strengthening the evidence we have been accumulating as to the belief of the Apostles and their first followers. Discrepancy in details is quite consistent with accurate rendering of the substance. Indeed, by establishing the independence of the narrations, it enhances the value of their reports on those points where they agree : and they do all agree in this, that the appearances to the Apostles and others did take place, and that they were not mere internal visions. This is duly acknowledged by M. Reuss in his discussion of the events. The discrepancy, moreover, is grossly exaggerated, to say the least, by the abuse of the argument *ex silentio*. There is no ground for assuming that the endeavour of the Evangelists was to set down all they knew about our Lord's Life. They have a thesis in view, more or less accurately defined, and they select or discard facts in proportion as its exigence requires. Even within the limits of their thesis, they do not attempt to be exhaustive, and simply give a few representative instances. St. Matthew does not, therefore, deny, because he omits, the appearances to the Apostles at Jerusalem. He selects

one which took place in Galilee, probably that referred to by St. Paul when five hundred brethren were collected together, because of its special character. It was the formal establishment of the Messianic Kingdom. St. Luke records appearances at Jerusalem, which suited his purpose, and he was under no obligation to record others in Galilee. It is said, indeed, that he clearly excludes the possibility of Galilæan appearances by assigning the Ascension to the very day of the Resurrection. But this contention, though much insisted on, falls at once on comparison with the first chapter in the Acts, which is confessedly by the author of the Third Gospel. He is not likely to have contradicted himself so egregiously; or, if the later date of the composition of the Acts is pleaded, the adversary may infer that during the interval the writer became better informed, and set himself in harmony with Matthew. Just as this comparison with Acts shows the rashness of concluding from Luke alone that the Ascension was not on Easter Sunday, so it also warns us not to gather from Matthew that the departure to Galilee took place on that day. As the last nine verses of St. Mark are rejected by Professor Huxley, we need not occupy ourselves with that Gospel except to point out that the verses immediately precedent to the omitted portion imply the Resurrection, as indeed does the entire Gospel, as the event without which the whole Life would have been a failure. After the observations already made, nothing further is required to justify the omissions and selections of St. John. St. Paul probably omits to mention the appearances to the women, because he wishes to confine himself to those accorded to the "pre-ordained witnesses."¹ When this deduction is made, his catalogue falls into close agreement with the records of the Evangelists.

Still, even if it be granted that there is no substantial discrepancy, says our assailant, what is the value of these accounts as long as the authorship is unknown and the date of composition not contemporaneous with the events? Naturally we are not disposed to admit, in the teeth of the consentient testimony of the ancient authorities, that the authorship of these writings is unknown. But even if it were, the writings are not debarred from establishing their claim to our credit. In our last number we discussed the narrative of an anonymous writer in the reign of Henry the Eighth which has recently come to light.

¹ Acts x. 41.

and gave reasons for believing that we could identify the author. Meanwhile the historical critics have not waited for any such identification, before accepting him as a trustworthy witness for facts within his reach. The author's character is reflected in his work: and so are the characters of the Evangelists reflected in theirs, and found to be satisfactory, even by those who consider them to have been in a greater or less degree infected with Tendency.

For the date of the Gospels, Professor Huxley appeals to the phenomenon of the Triple Tradition, as it is called, in the Synoptical Gospels, a subject of which Dr. Abbott has undertaken the advocacy in this country. Comparison of the texts of these Gospels reveals an identity both of material and language so close as to place it beyond doubt that either a common text lies behind all three, or else two of them draw from the third. Professor Huxley adopts the view which is most in fashion among the "critics" just at present, namely, that Matthew and Luke are derived from Mark. It is then argued that a considerable interval of time must have run between the formation of the original and the derivative texts, and thus Matthew and Luke are brought down to the second century. In this manner the testimony to the Resurrection of Matthew and Luke become comparatively worthless. And Mark, for those who reject as a later accretion the last nine verses, does not speak of the Resurrection, but only of the announcement made by the Angel to the women concerning it: an announcement which taken alone lends itself to the vision-theory. But this argumentation is wrong in supposing that there could be no other source cognate to that called the Triple Tradition, and equally ancient, from which Matthew and Luke drew their account of the Resurrection. It is wrong, also, in assuming that the interval between the formation of the original and derivative texts must have been particularly long. Nothing is more probable than that at the very commencement of their Apostolic work the Apostles should have composed a text recording the cardinal facts of our Lord's Life and discourses, to be used as a sort of catechism for the instruction of the faithful. There might have been one text giving a continuous record, or a series of them giving each some fragment of the whole. By being preserved and communicated orally, a text of this sort would acquire, better than any written text, the proper compound of rigidity and flexibility required to satisfy the phenomena of resemblance and discrepancy which we find in

the Synoptic Gospels; and on the other hand, if it existed, it would naturally, and even unconsciously, have been employed as a source out of which to construct them. This theory propounded originally by Gieseler has been largely accepted by the more orthodox writers. If accepted it is clear that a ten or twenty years' interval would be abundantly sufficient to separate its composition from that of the Gospels which so largely incorporate it.

These considerations are negative. A positive argument can be obtained by inverting Professor Huxley's procedure. The Gospel of St. Luke is generally allowed to be the work of a single hand, to have reached us in the form in which it was written, and to be the latest of the Three Synoptics. If then we can assign a date to its composition, Professor Huxley ought to accept an earlier one for Matthew and a considerably earlier one for Mark. M. Renan, as Professor Huxley now knows, considers "that one thing at all events is beyond doubt, namely, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is a man who belonged to the second Apostolic generation," and that "the twenty-first chapter of St. Luke, which is inseparable from the rest of the work, was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, but not long after." So that according to this testimony, which has the value of testimony wrung from the enemy, the inferior limit of time for the three Synoptic Gospels is about A.D. 70, the date of the siege of Jerusalem. As we do not believe that the correspondence of a prophetic statement with the event is proof positive that the book in which the prediction is found was composed subsequent to the event, we see no objection to assigning a still earlier date than this of about 70 A.D. But for present purposes 70 A.D. is early enough. It shows that there is nothing to prevent us from drawing the inference naturally suggested by the character of the Evangelist's statements, that they obtained them from contemporary and well-informed witnesses. And so says M. Reuss, one of the "critics" whom Professor Huxley commends, about St. Luke. "Luke was able in Palestine itself to receive direct communications from immediate witnesses."¹ Were it possible to dwell longer on this point, the early date of St. Luke would be satisfactorily established from internal evidence furnished by the Acts, which every one acknowledges to be a subsequent composition by the author of the third Gospel. Still the authority of MM. Reuss and Renan will be sufficient for most readers.

¹ *Histoire Evangelique*, 1re partie, p. 88.

To conclude this branch of the subject. The undisputed Epistles of St. Paul place it beyond doubt that the Apostles and their immediate disciples held the firm conviction that they had themselves seen the Risen Lord. From the Synoptic Gospels (not to speak of the Fourth) we obtain evidence which is in accord with this, so far forth as, notwithstanding the prevalent scepticism about their nature and origin, it brings us into certain relation with the Apostles, and exhibits them as holding these convictions. But the Gospels also go further. They place it beyond doubt that according to the account given by the Apostles of the manner in which the Risen Lord appeared to them, it was never by internal vision, but always by external and bodily presence.

That His appearances were alleged by the Apostles to have been after this manner of external and bodily presence is not readily admitted by rationalists, but that the Apostles were fully convinced on the strength of appearances of some kind, they candidly acknowledge. Thus Baur says :

For the purposes of historical considerations we must be content with the simple fact that in the faith of the disciples, the Resurrection came to be regarded as a solid and irrefragable certainty. It was in this faith that Christians acquired a firm basis for its historic development. What history requires, as the necessary antecedent of all that is to follow, is not so much the fact of the Resurrection of Jesus, but rather the belief that it was a fact.¹

In spite of these admissions it was desirable to give the reader a distinct view of the evidence which impels such critics to a conclusion which is certainly constrained. It was desirable also, in view of the task which yet remains to us, to indicate how thoroughly baseless is the notion that we are concerned only with visions easily resolvable into subjective fancies.

III.

Yes, they believed in the Resurrection, and that they themselves had held personal intercourse with their Risen Lord. Still what then? The belief was an illusion. *Voilà tout*. Here history must stop. History requires "not so much the fact of the Resurrection of Jesus, but rather the belief that it was a fact." To these straits Baur is reduced in his endeavour to harmonize a critical result from which he finds no escape with

¹ *Das Christenthum, &c.* Edition of 1853, p. 39.

the naturalistic creed which he will not renounce. From this last refuge of the enemy we must endeavour to dislodge him.

With what face can it be said that history is content not to look behind the fact of the Apostolic belief? If history requires the belief "as the necessary antecedent" of "the historical development" of Christianity, on the same principle it ought to require the necessary antecedent of the belief itself. If history does not require the "necessary antecedent" of this belief, how comes it that such persistent endeavours are made by the rationalistic school to discover it? Earlier generations sought it in some fraud on the part either of Christ or His first followers. This, however, was found too grossly incompatible with the known facts. Strauss sought it in a gradual process of evolution under the influence of the myth-making faculty. But the myth-making faculty moves along lines determined by pre-existing beliefs, and, moreover, requires at least a generation or two to give definiteness and consistency to its products. Maturer reflexion has gone to show that neither of these two requirements could be obtained. The pre-existing beliefs of the first disciples, as revealed to us alike in the pages of the Gospel and in extraneous records of Jewish doctrine, would have impressed quite a different character on any myth whose formation they determined. It is hardly conceivable that the myth would have exhibited the slain and defeated Christ in any way whatever as a triumphant and glorious King; certainly it would not have attributed to Him a corporeal resurrection. The needful time was also recognized as wanting as soon as it came to be realized that the belief in the bodily resurrection was definite and consistent in the minds of the first disciples, and even within the first few days after the Crucifixion. So the myth-making theory had to be abandoned.¹ Then the vision theory was clung to as the only remaining alternative. It seemed more able to move within the cramped area of a few short weeks, but there was the other difficulty about the nature of the pre-existing conditions. A vision, as much as a myth, pre-supposes a rooted persuasion in the mind of its subject of a nature to impart to it the direction it is found to take. The "critics," down to M. Pfleiderer, have been striving to show that a persuasion of the sort could have arisen out of the conditions of Palestinian life at the time. If they do not appear as yet to

¹ That is, as an attempted explanation of a fundamental belief like that in the Resurrection.

have found one which gives them satisfaction, their perseverance and confidence of better things is at all events proof certain of one thing. It is proof that Baur does not carry them with him when he rules that the search for the causes of this belief lies beyond the province of history.

In case it should be thought that we do wrong in assuming that the naturalistic critics are not yet satisfied with their attempts to account for belief in the Resurrection, it will be well to transcribe the verdict of Reuss, a living representation of the rationalist reaction from Tübingen excesses, whom Mr. Huxley commends, and "whose cautious and exhaustive method," according to Mrs. Humphry Ward, "led the student to think out the whole problem for himself anew."

Apologetic [criticism] . . . may now-a-days spare itself the trouble of discussing seriously certain explanations devised in former days to get rid of the miracle [of the Resurrection], such as the supposition of a simple lethargy, from which Jesus recovered gradually; or that of a spectral illusion organized by concealed leaders of the party, with the object of casting dust in the eyes of the disciples; that of a lie consciously circulated by the latter, and other similar suggestions, all as romancing as they were singular: history and psychology, physiology and good taste, have long since condemned them. The expedient of reducing the fact to a simple myth breaks down especially before the shortness of the time which elapsed between the event and the first preaching, and the recourse to an illusion by way of vision is impossible in face of the universality and strength of the convictions in the bosom of the Church. Even if no one of our Gospels had an immediate eye-witness to guarantee its story, there would remain the guarantee of St. Paul, whose affirmations can only be the reproduction of those of the personages whom he names. We may feel able to recognize that many things in this history are incomprehensible to us, that we shall never attain the power to render an account of the nature of the existence of the risen Jesus, that our reason is arrested at each step when it endeavours to conceive and reconcile the elements of the different narrations; nevertheless this incontestable fact will always remain, that the Church which has lasted for eighteen centuries, has been built on this foundation, that it is therefore, so to speak, a living attestation of its reality, and that, in truth, it is she who has issued forth from the tomb of Christ, with whom, according to all probability, she would otherwise have remained interred for ever.¹

M. Reuss wrote these words in '76, which is indeed some time back. Mrs. Humphry Ward has a striking passage in her

¹ *Histoire Evangélique*, p. 701.

article on the "New Reformation," in which she summarizes fantastic or poetical conceptions of nature and history, the passion of Messianic hope, the Persian and Parsee conceptions of an unseen world, Hellenistic speculation, natural love of marvel especially developed in an Eastern populace, and such-like, as influences known to have prevailed in the Palestine of those days, and certain to have moulded the thoughts and feelings of Jesus and His disciples. In these she discerns the coveted explanation of beliefs such as that in the Resurrection. The passage, no doubt, represents the tone and tendency of the most recent phase of German criticism in dealing with this subject. Has the clue then at last been found, and is the verdict of M. Reuss out of date? Hardly. Mrs. Ward's glowing summary shows better in a rhetorical paragraph than under scientific analysis. This excessive multiplication of the supposed contributory factors seems to be only an attempt to escape from the difficulty of finding the required conditions in any definite source by taking refuge in the vague. At all events, the new theory is covered by the language of M. Reuss, and we may still take his verdict as representing the position of affairs. And is not the language a practical confession that the present condition of all those who seek to trace the belief in the Resurrection to natural causes is a condition of bewilderment?

Nevertheless we are not to be permitted to revert to the theory of miracle. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the name of the "critics," comes forward, in her article on the "New Reformation," and forbids us. We are not to "isolate" the miraculous phenomena of Christianity, as Dr. Westcott is charged with doing: we must bring them into relation with the similar phenomena exhibited in other fields of literature, and interpret them on the same principles. We are inconsistent if, while "endeavouring to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, third, or second century," or in those of other religions, we treat "the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous," "from a different point of view," and seek to "prove the miraculous to be historical."

Certainly we are bound to apply the same principles to both classes of literature. The orthodox Protestant may sometimes hesitate to accept the obligation, having an eye to the possible difficulties into which it may lead him, when in face of ecclesiastical miracles. Catholics, at all events, are not likely to deny it. What, however, are the principles to be applied? In our

estimation, in neither field is it lawful to start with the pure assumption that the miraculous is the impossible, condemning *a priori* all phenomena which may lay claim to come under the designation. What should be done in both cases alike, is to start with a presumption against the likelihood of a miracle, and yet with a readiness to deal honestly and searchingly with any evidence which may seem strong enough to challenge the presumption. But if the same principles are to be applied in all cases, does it follow that the same results must always be returned? If Christianity is a religion based on Divine revelation, then it is an isolated case, and we must expect to find unique phenomena attending its origin, and perhaps also its course.¹ In particular we may expect to find there mostly, probably there exclusively, the miraculous; that is, if miracle is the natural attestation for God to employ when He wishes to communicate with men, and certify them that it is He who speaks through His visible minister. This, however, we may fairly claim to assume on the strength of philosophical proofs which we are quite ready to supply. Certainly the arguments usually alleged against the possibility of miracles are weak indeed; whilst on the other hand, the question whether they can be detected as such, is not one to be settled *a priori*, but to be made the subject of just such an inquiry as is involved in the study of Christian origins.

We do not, then—at all events we Catholics do not—deny in theory the duty of applying the same principles to all religions. If in practice the work has not been sufficiently done, it is matter for regret. It is a real pity that the comparative study of religion has been left hitherto so much to writers of the naturalistic school.² At the same time it will

¹ We may append here a remark, for which there is no room in the text, on Professor Huxley's article in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Value of Witness to the Miraculous." He relates a little mediæval story, how some supposititious relics were palmed off upon the good Abbot Eginhard. He then draws the inference that witness for the miraculous is in all cases unreliable. If so large a conclusion follows from these premisses, one does not see why one still larger should not follow as well, and require us to disbelieve in historical testimony all round. It is surprising that a man so clever as Professor Huxley does not see that the only sound moral of a story such as he relates, is merely that in all cases of importance which depend on testimony, whether the miraculous or the purely natural is concerned, the testimony should be searchingly sifted before it is accepted. We are quite ready to accept this conclusion in regard to miracles, whether biblical or ecclesiastical, and to reject all which fail to stand the test.

² We take the opportunity to call attention to *La Revue des Religions*, a small French magazine devoted to the comparative study of religions, and conducted by competent Catholic writers. The first number appeared in March of this year, and gives good promise. Published at the Bureau de la Revue, 37, Rue du Bac, Paris.

hardly be maintained that there is any non-Christian religion which offers phenomena really parallel to those relating to our Lord's Resurrection—an alleged fact so confessedly impossible through any natural agency; and a belief in it so definite, so consistent, so universal, so firmly and steadily held, so potent in transfiguring human life into the noblest shape it has ever attained, and withal so satisfactorily attested as original. However, if no such phenomena are producible from other sources, we do not after all seem to be acting so unreasonably, if we concentrate our attention largely on those of Christianity.

Encouraged by these considerations, let us return to the history of the Resurrection, and examine a little further into the significance of the Apostolic testimony. Will our adversaries be good enough to assume for a few moments, at least hypothetically, that the Resurrection was possible, so that they may be able to consider, free from bias, whether or not the facts taken by themselves point to it as having happened? At all events, on this basis, we must ask on what grounds we are to disbelieve the clear testimony that it did.

Because the witnesses were deficient in historical sense, answers Mrs. Humphry Ward. They did not realize the importance of historic truth, or the nature of the evidence required to establish it. This is not conjecture. It could be presumed from the character of their age whose limitations they shared, and it is transparent in their writings.

In preserving the traditions of the Lord, they cannot keep clear and free from manifest contradiction even in the most essential facts, not even the native place of His parents, the duration of His Ministry, the date of His Death, the place and time and order of the Resurrection Appearances, the length of the mysterious period intervening between the Resurrection and the Ascension, &c.¹

We have given reasons for believing that some of these alleged contradictions do not exist, and we dispute the existence of the others also. Still even if they did, they do not furnish ground for so sweeping a conclusion as that drawn. It is only by great indulgence that these facts about which the Evangelists are said to disagree can be called "most essential facts." They are the circumstances, not the substance, of the story, and if the Evangelists were, as Mrs. Ward probably believes, not in immediate contact with the eye-witnesses, they are facts not

¹ "The New Reformation," in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, p. 467.

inconsistent with a well-developed sense of history. Besides there can be a sense of history sufficiently developed to attach great importance to essential facts, but little or none to subsidiary questions of time and place. On the other hand, we are now concerned with the very core of the substance of the history, and it is the eye-witnesses we have to do with. It is better, then, to approach our point directly.

We have already offered some grounds for thinking that St. Paul did attach considerable value to the historic truth of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But let us listen to the words immediately succeeding his record of various Appearances, on which we have laid so much stress.

If Christ be not raised, then surely our preaching is vain, and your faith also is vain: then also are we found false witnesses of God, since we bore witness against God that He raised Christ, whom, if the dead do not rise, He did not rise. . . . But if Christ has not been raised, your faith is vain; you are still in your sins. Then also those who have fallen asleep in Christ have perished. If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, then are we more miserable than all men.¹

This is tolerably plain and straight. Surely this man had preserved one element in the historic sense as strongly as, perhaps more strongly than, any of us, whether "apologists" or "critics"! As he speaks in the plural number and evidently wishes us to understand that his own temper of mind was also that of his Apostolic colleagues, as again it is the disposition which he seeks to cultivate in the hearts of his hearers, we have a right to gather that it was the characteristic temper of the Church of the day. Indeed, although we do not find such direct language elsewhere, it is hard to understand how any one can fail to see the same spirit reflected throughout the pages of the New Testament writings, especially of the Epistles and the sermons in the Acts where we should most expect it.

Our witnesses had one of the elements which go to constitute the historic sense. Had they the other; at all events sufficiently to impart validity to their present testimony? Had they the capacity to estimate the sufficiency of the evidences for the Resurrection? In answering this question, we may assume, in spite of Professor Huxley, the reality of our Lord's Death. Reuss has already told us that we may do that,² and no wonder. Those who crucified our Lord, did so because they wished His

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 14, seq.

² *Vide supra*, p. 216.

death, and they were likely to see that death actually ensued. They may not have had Professor Huxley's trained faculty of medical diagnosis, still they could do what St. John says they did do, pierce the body in an unquestionably vital part. Moreover, if there was not real death, but only a swoon, how came the Apostles to see and converse with our Lord and yet not learn the truth? Obviously the swoon theory will only work for those who are prepared, with the vulgar freethinkers of the last century, to say that either our Lord or His Apostles were guilty of a mighty fraud. We have done also with the vision theory: first, because the only evidence, and the satisfactory evidence, we have, says that they were not visions, but external appearances of substantially the same character as when man meets man and converses with him; secondly, because all the industry of the rationalizing critics has failed to extract from the pre-existing conditions any probability of visions taking that particular shape. The field being thus swept clear, we may now put the final question. Never mind for the moment whether our Lord had risen or not. But if shortly after the *Crucifixion* He did appear on several distinct occasions to his former disciples, presenting Himself to them in the same external manner as one man presents himself to another; if He spoke to them on all those occasions by word of mouth, carrying on conversation the roots of which lay in the previous years when they had talked with Him so often, and received from Him so many instructions; if in these conversations He turned their sorrow unexpectedly into joy, and their thought into channels directly opposed to those in which it had previously run; if all this happened, were they so destitute of historic sense as to be unable to say for certain that it was really He their lost Master, returned to them? Mark! There is no question as yet of a supernatural fact, but of the very ordinary fact of a reunion and conversation between friends separated for awhile. Were they unable to certify themselves concerning this natural fact? It is hard to see how even our opponents can say they were,—our opponents who protest so indignantly against any attempt to "isolate" the phenomena of some one subject-matter, and estimate them on principles different to those applied elsewhere.

We come then to this. Two facts of the natural order are certified: one that our Lord died, the other that shortly after His Death He revisited and conversed with His former disciples.

Out of the conjunction of these two facts of the natural order, we get by irresistible logic the certainty of a third, which is the Resurrection. Ah! here begins our protest, exclaims the rationalistic critic. A resurrection would be a miracle, and a miracle is what our philosophical creed refuses to admit. Let it be so, then, but in that case we are entitled to the acknowledgment, that, whereas the description of "counsel for creed" is applicable, justly or unjustly, to each of us alike, the verdict of criticism has gone in favour not of naturalism, but of supernaturalism.

S. F. S.

Fungi.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated.

Shelley.

FAMILIAR as we all are with the name fungi, few of us realize to what a vast class of vegetable products the term is applicable. And as our knowledge of them increases, so does our wonder at the important place which they hold in the economy of nature, and the magnitude of the results that are due to their agency. Thanks, however, to the lovers of Nature, whose patient labours of late years have endeavoured to leave no page of that wonderful book unread, more light has been thrown upon the true character and work of these tiny and ephemeral representatives of the vegetable kingdom, and many a hitherto unexplained phenomenon has been found to be an outcome of their marvellous powers.

Fifty years ago, there were but five hundred and sixty-four different kinds known to botanists ; since then the microscope has revealed so many more varieties as to raise the number of known species to two thousand, eight hundred. *Anywhere* and *everywhere* seem the best terms to express the limit, if such it can be called—of this widely-spread tribe. Instead of keeping to shady forest-groves, rich pasture lands, moss-cushioned banks, and water-coursed lanes, like other plants, they suddenly show themselves on old stumps of trees, thatched roofs, gate-posts, decaying fruit and leaves. There are some "that pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum." Many a gallant ship, seemingly safe and sound, has suddenly gone to pieces, without the real cause being suspected. The attention of the Admiralty is called to the fact, and then it is discovered that the losses are due to the ravages of dry-rot.

There is hardly an article of food, no matter of what nature, which, unless care be taken, is not the home of this ubiquitous

race. Such articles as bread, damp linen, bottles of wine, casks, paper, &c., are speedily covered with a particular mould, of a fertile luxuriance. But what is still more extraordinary, there is a special kind of cheese which owes its particular flavour entirely to germs of fungi. The curd is first broken up and exposed to the action of sun and air for a day or two, during which the germs of fungi, always ready for work, fall upon this soft mass and begin immediately to vegetate in it. After going through the remaining processes, the cheese finally appears on our tables under the name of "Stilton," and its fame is due to nothing more than a contemptible fungus.

Decaying vegetable matter also forms a rich soil from which springs, in an incredibly short time, a luxuriant growth whose interlacing filaments rival in miniature the lianes and creepers of a tropical forest.

In this interesting section of our flora must be classed such fungoid growths as the "smut" of corn, "blight," "yeast," and the universal scape-goat—mildew. I call it a scape-goat, as every minute parasite that roves with lawless freedom, destroying or damaging stock, crop, and chattel, is doomed to the name of mildew. Long is the list of ravages, which every farmer sets down to it. Now there is one species of fungus classed under this name—the *Oidium Balsamii*,¹ ruinous to the turnip-field. This species shows its presence by covering the leaves of the turnip with a white coating, which if subjected to a low power of the microscope, will be found to consist of a closely woven surface of fine threads. From this surface there arises a multitude of peculiarly formed growths, which present the appearance of so many clubs, each club being composed of three cells, with a spore shaped like a barrel at the summit. Both the lower and upper part of the leaf is affected by this parasite, and it has been calculated that the two surfaces carry a million or more of its reproductive spores. Very simple too, but yet effective, is the way this disease destroys its beneficent host; some parasitic animals eat the interior parts of their receiver; this one merely weaves an impenetrable web over the stomata, or organs of transpiration, which, besides being useful to the plant in many ways, are the ordinary outlets of superfluous

¹ The specific name *Balsamii* was given to this fungus in honour of Balsamo, a Milanese gentleman, who first noticed the species.

moisture acquired by the plant. With these passages stopped, the plant ceases to grow, and the result is a poor crop of turnips. Should you accost a hop-grower of Kent or the proprietor of extensive apple-orchards in Devonshire, and ask what is mildew, each would call it a sort of mould that attacks the hops or bruised apples, but nothing more. The gardener has his own special mildew; the vinedresser has his, while the cook will expatiate at length on the losses which she has sustained by the attacks of this little pest on her uncovered preserves, unfinished dishes of meats and pies, &c.

Since everything is, as it were, the common property of fungi, we naturally find some interest in asking ourselves how this little plant comes into existence and plays the part of parasite on other plants.

Two theories have been given to account for their existence by those who have devoted their attention to this matter: some set down the diseased or bruised part of a plant as the cause of their being, while others consider them as being



produced by distinct germs. This latter explanation is no doubt the true one, and for a better understanding of this part of the subject, let us examine one of the higher forms of fungi, viz., the *Agaricus Campestris*, or common mushroom. When we have removed the soil from around the mushroom in the ground, we notice a material which looks like very fine white threads. This loose flocculent substance is the subterranean stem or spawn (*m*). At irregular intervals in this mass arise tubercles, which will gradually increase and finally burst the membrane by which they are surrounded, and expose to view the young mushrooms, each of which bears a cap or pileus (*p*) on a stem (*s*). In its early state the pileus closely adheres to the stem, but afterwards it expands, and displays on its under side a furrowed surface resembling gills, called

lamellæ (*g*). Upon these gills are borne the spores or reproductive bodies, and the spore-bearing surface is called the hymenium. It is easy to obtain spores of a mushroom by putting a pileus on a sheet of paper, upon which, in a short time, some of the spores will be found to have fallen. Fries, speaking of these spores, says, "They are so infinite—for in a single individual I have reckoned above 10,000,000—so subtle, scarcely visible to the eye, and resembling thin smoke; so light, and dispersed in so many ways that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they are excluded."

Such a statement, perhaps, seems exaggerated, but its truth will appear if we will but pick up what is familiarly termed the "devil's snuff-box," "puff-ball,"—in botanical terminology, *Bovista Nigrescens*. The fine dust which issues from it when ripe is nothing else than the spores mentioned above. When set free, they float about in the air, and are ready for instant development should the necessary conditions of heat and moisture be supplied. Under such circumstances we must not be surprised if we find fungi growing up in every imaginable place; and indeed they have been found on the outside of the dome of St. Paul's—a rather lofty perch for a despised fungus. Whatever, then, may be the fact, this is certainly true that not merely do our harmless puff-balls and edible mushrooms discharge their quota of spores into the air, but innumerable other species, poisonous as well as non-poisonous, perform the same operation. So that it is no stretch of imagination to say that the very air we breathe is teeming with such germs, which perhaps may be the cause of innumerable diseases.

Now while they are in this free and "uncombined" state, they are carried by the wind into every nook and corner. A mere slit in a piece of timber affords ample accommodation for some: here they grow and widen the slit into a chink, and with the aid of moisture the chink enlarges, thereby admitting other spores of more destructive capacity; and by continuing this gradual but uniform process, the stoutest timbers are destroyed. Examples are not wanting to prove the marvellous power innate in these minute individuals. Dr. Carpenter relates that "some years ago the town of Basingstoke was paved; not many months afterwards the pavement was observed to exhibit an unevenness, which could not be easily accounted for. In a short time the mystery was explained, for some of the heaviest stones were lifted out of their beds by

the growth of large toad-stools beneath them. One of these stones measured twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighed eighty-three pounds ; while the resistance offered by the mortar, which held it in its place, would probably be even a greater obstacle than the weight. It became necessary to repave the whole town in consequence of this remarkable disturbance."

A still more extraordinary circumstance came under the notice of Sir Joseph Banks. A cask of his wine being found too sweet for immediate use, was placed in the cellar to ripen, where it remained for three years. Wishing to know its condition, the butler was ordered to descend to the cellar to ascertain it. The cellar-door, for some reason or other, could not be opened and was therefore cut down, when the cause of the obstruction was discovered in the shape of an immense fungoid growth. It seems that the cask had leaked, and the wine had vegetated in the form of fungi over the whole cellar, bearing in triumph the now empty wine-cask upwards to the roof. Of so substantial nature was this vegetable production that an axe was required to remove it.

The wine vaults of the London docks display beautiful festoons of vinous fungi, which completely hide from view the brick arches.

To achieve such feats as these, fungi must have a power of growth altogether surpassing what we are accustomed to find in other living creatures. For instance, the great puff-ball, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, is known to have grown in one night from a mere speck to the size of a pumpkin ; while its cells, as calculated by Dr. Lindley, "multiplied at the marvellous rate of 60 millions per minute." Another species, the *Polyporus squamosus*, mentioned by Cooke, reached the enormous size of 89 inches and weighed 34 lbs. To attain this large size, the *Polyporus* grew for the space of four weeks at the astonishing rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs daily. An ample meal is easily furnished by this species, if gathered when young, for it is then very palatable, which is the case of many other species. But the wholesome dread of poison possibly lurking within the snowy bosom of the dreaded fungi, combined with their repulsive appearance, which has associated them in men's minds with the despised reptile that is said to carry a jewel in his head, has been a bar to their presence upon the table. Consequently, hundredweights of good substantial food, as Dr. Badham remarks in his *Esculent Funguses of Great Britain*, rot away in

our woods: "pounds of extempore beef-steaks grow on our oaks in the shape of *Fistulina hepatica*: clusters of *Agaricus fusipes*, for pickles: puff-balls, equal to sweet-bread: *Hydna*, resembling oysters: lamb-kidney, in the form of *Agaricus deliciosus*: bushels of yellow *Chanterelle*, the very best of diet: the sweet *Boletus edulis*, in vain calling itself 'edulis,' for no one eats it." Truly this is a magnificent banquet provided by Nature, and yet only one or two species appear at Covent Garden Market, while a score or more of others are altogether despised as "foul toad-stools."

A very remarkable fact connected with the growth of fungi, and one which sets them aside as vegetable products different from other plants, is, that while phanerogams under ordinary circumstances absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and respire oxygen, in the case of fungi the process is reversed, and carbonic acid is given off. A consequence due in part to this reverse process is that absence, with perhaps few exceptions, of green colouring matter called chlorophyl. It is well known that flowering plants require sunlight, which is not only necessary for growth, but also for producing chlorophyl. But fungi seem to thrive best in the absence of light, in cellars, hollow trees, under stones, among decaying vegetable matter, and in other similar places. In such abodes as these, each genus of fungi assumes a variety of forms: in some instances we have a perfect fungus, *i.e.*, a stem supporting a pileus, *e.g.*, common mushroom; in others there is no stem, but a pileus held by its margin, *e.g.*, *Fistulina hepatica*. Some, to vary the monotony of shape, leave the well-worn paths followed by ancient fungi, and shoot up in the form of a saucer, a cup, a funnel, a fan, a club, a rosette, &c.; in the *Nidularini* we have a bird's nest containing a number of yellow or dull-coloured bodies resembling so many eggs; the *Clavaria coralloides* presents us with a bunch of coral, while the *Clathrus cancellatus* displays an elegant fleshy trellis-work. Protean forms are accompanied with a charming variety of colours: green is rarely met with; red tints range from pink to deep crimson, as in the *Russula emetica*; a beautiful violet colour shows itself in the *Clavaria amethystina*; all shades of yellow and brown are found, but white and creamy tints are most to be met with.

A word or two must be said concerning a very marked characteristic of this division of the cryptogams, *viz.*, their

odoriferous properties. In admitting that the odour of the majority is far from pleasing, and that some are so offensive as to be unbearable even to the most powerful olfactory nerves, still a disgusting smell must not be set down as a universal mark of fungi. On the contrary, some emit the agreeable fragrance of mellilot, anise, violets, and cinnamon. The author of *British Fungi* informs us of a lady who had found a beautiful, though rare specimen of the latticed stinkhorn, which she wished to sketch. But the lady's determination, combined with the beauty of the specimen, were no match for its offensive odour, and the rarity was ordered away before the sketch was completed. The same writer tells us of a gentleman, who cleared a railway carriage of its occupants by having in his sandwich-box a specimen of the common stinkhorn, and nothing but a resolute determination to make a drawing of the fungus could have prevented this enthusiast in the cause of science from throwing plant and sandwich-box out of the window.

Considering what has been said, it will no doubt seem very illogical to say that mankind is benefited more by fungi than by any other species of the cryptogamic family. The devastation of dry-rot, of ubiquitous mildew, have already been enumerated; yet the benefits conferred by the fungi far outweigh their destructive propensities. This is a fact which we too easily pass over because we will look at the dark side of things, and altogether forget, or at least fail to appreciate, the good that is on the other side. To them may be rightly given the expressive name, which has been applied to insects, that of the "scavengers of nature," for their work is similar to that of insects, viz., the removal—and that, too, with a marvellous rapidity—of what is not merely a useless tenant of the earth, but an injurious neighbour, such as refuse and decaying organic matter. We have no idea of the numberless diseases that arise from the noxious exhalations of decomposing matter, from which we are freed by the help of these little plants. It is true their germs fill the air, but they are then the "unemployed," and are only waiting for the desired material. As soon as such a substance is exposed, the "scavengers" fall upon and cover the unsightly object with a variety of fungoid growths which multiply and develop themselves with an astonishing fertility.

The fungi have therefore a right to share in the praises accorded by naturalists to insects, and what has been said

of the work these tiny animals perform for man's benefit, is equally applicable to their representatives in the vegetable world. The peculiarity of their agency consists in their power of suddenly multiplying their numbers to a degree, which could only be accomplished in a considerable lapse of time by any larger beings; and then as instantaneously relapsing, without the intervention of any violent disturbing cause, to their former insignificance. If, for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions, a power of many hundreds or thousands of horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at a great cost in the intervals when their services were not required, we should greatly admire the invention of a machine, such as the steam-engine, which should be capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction: and the same kind of admiration is strongly excited when we contemplate the powers of insect and fungous life, in the creation of which Nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, only to be detected by careful research, are ready in a few days or weeks to give birth to myriads which may check or remove the nuisances referred to. But no sooner has the commission been executed, than the gigantic power becomes dormant: each of the mighty host soon reaches the term of its transient existence; and when the fitting food lessens in quantity, when the offal to be removed diminishes, then fewer of the spores find soil on which to germinate; and when the whole has been consumed, the legions, before so active, all return to their latent state—ready, however, at a moment's warning, again to be developed, and, when labour is to be done again, again to commence their work. In almost every season there are some species, but especially in autumn there are many, which in this manner put forth their strength, and then, like the spirits of the poet which thronged the spacious hall, "reduce to smallest forms their 'shapes immense.'"

Dr. Franz Witt and the Restoration of Church Music.

FRANZ XAVER WITT¹ was born on February 9, 1834, of good Catholic parents, at Walderbach, a village in the Upper Palatinate, Bavaria. His father, who was the village schoolmaster, superintended his early education, including the elements of music, and the marked intelligence and docility of his little son soon attracted attention. We are told that his good mother took great pains to imbue her child with a love of piety and virtue, and it was she who awakened within him, and carefully fostered, a vocation to the priesthood. Thanks to his father's excellent tuition, his talent for music developed itself day by day, and when it became necessary to come to some decision as to his future state in life, he wavered between the musical profession and the priesthood. Fortunately he ultimately selected the latter. In 1846 he was sent to St. Emmeram's Seminary, Ratisbon, to complete his studies, and whilst thus engaged was employed as choir-boy in the Cathedral, at St. Emmeram's, and at the Niedermünster. He not only possessed an excellent voice and a good disposition, but also a love and enthusiasm for the truly beautiful and ideal, united with an extraordinary talent for music. Just at this time certain changes were being effected at Ratisbon as regards the music of the church, which, owing to various unfortunate circumstances, had sunk deeply in the mire. It was determined to extricate it, if possible, and Ratisbon became the centre of a movement in favour of a return to the principles of ecclesiastical art. With the warm approval of the authorities Canon Proske,² one of the most learned musicians

¹ For the following details the writer is indebted to memoirs and articles in *Musica Sacra*, *Fliegende Blätter*, and the *American Cecilia*, &c., ranging over many years.

² See *Musica Divina*, vol. i. 2nd edit. Biography of Canon Proske, Prefaces, &c. English version by H. S. Butterfield. Published by F. Pustet, Ratisbon. Biography and Prefaces can be obtained separately.

of the day, had taken the matter in hand, and, as a basis for future operations, had founded a library of church music, composed chiefly of compositions by the old masters, Palestrina, Vittoria, &c., collected by himself from the principal archives and music libraries of Italy, and efforts were being made to introduce into the churches some of these beautiful works of art. With him were associated J. G. Mettenleiter, choirmaster of the Collegiate Church of our Lady in Ratisbon (the *Alte Capelle*), and, subsequently, J. Schrems, choirmaster of the Cathedral. Both of them were talented musicians. Our bright little chorister appeared then upon the scenes at what may be described as a transitionary period, and providentially coming under the influence of these three notable men, known as the "Ratisbon trio," he gained an experience which proved invaluable to him in after-life, moulding his character and arming him for future strife. He thus refers to this portion of his life: "As a boy of fourteen I often sang the works of the old masters in the *Alte Capelle* under Mettenleiter, when Canon Proske could get them done. The other canons would not have them, so when they sang Mass orchestral music was performed. In the Cathedral down to 1852 Haydn, Mozart, &c., prevailed. After the publication of the first volume of Proske's *Musica Divina*, Schrems gradually adopted the old masters exclusively. From 1846 to 1857 I sang at every musical service in the Cathedral, and so went through both periods and knew all the ins and outs of the reform, hearing the smallest details from Schrems, under whom I learnt music practically, as no one else in Germany had an opportunity of learning it. Every composition I heard lay clearly before me, ever since I can remember, as if by intuition. That is not my merit. Had any one asked me as a boy what compositions I knew, I should have said three hundred Masses and as many Vespers and Litanies." His memory was wonderful, and he could copy out the voice parts, one after the other, without looking at the score, and forty years after knew them still by heart. So much was he occupied with music, that he lost half of his school time, but notwithstanding passed his examinations in a highly satisfactory manner. In 1856 he was ordained priest and appointed curate of a country parish. Here, like his parish priest, who always remained his ideal pastor, he threw himself energetically into his parochial work, often spending seven or eight hours in the confessional. This love of parish work continued to the very end

of his life, and his great wish was to live and die among his beloved Bavarian peasantry. He ceased, in fact, to think further about music. "I was so delighted with my work," he writes, "that I thought no more about the proposed professorship at Munich, nor about my plans in reference to music. One day an old college friend called to inform me that a certain church was to be consecrated, and the new Bishop being favourable to the Palestrina style, would I write a Mass in this style for four men's voices? This is the origin of my Opus I. (Missa "Septimi toni"). It was sung right well under my direction by about ten singers. Three weeks later I was recalled to Ratisbon as Professor of Liturgical Chant and Homiletics at the ecclesiastical seminary. There I wrote another Mass, dedicating it to the new Bishop. When I showed it to Proske, he said: 'Promise me you will never compose in any other style.' His serious manner astounded me. He wished the Mass to be published to show that fresh young composers had joined the movement. Compositions in this style, in accordance with the progress of modern times, he considered very desirable, provided that the composer had a thorough knowledge of the Gregorian chant and Palestrina music. At all events he often expressed himself thus to me."

Witt, with the assistance of Proske, now began to study with renewed zeal the compositions of the old masters, examining, comparing, and, above all, listening to them. In 1862 Professor Oberhoffer of Luxemburg founded the *Cæcilia* in the interests of the restoration. This drew Witt, more and more, into the musical world and prompted him to bring his ideas before the public. Finding, however, that but little could be effected by this paper he published in 1865 a pamphlet called *Der Zustand der katholischen Kirchenmusik*, &c. (The condition of Church Music, &c.), in which he explained clearly the true basis of reform, &c., and suggested that an organization should be formed to carry it out practically. This pamphlet attracted considerable attention and the horizon began to clear. In 1866 he started a periodical on his own account (*Fliegende Blätter*), and in 1867 was appointed inspector of the seminary at St. Emmeram's and choirmaster of that church. At the Catholic Congress held at Innsbruck the same year he proposed a practical plan of education, which was declined, but nothing daunted, he undertook to found a society on his own responsibility, and at the Congress held in Bamberg in 1868, his proposed

organization budded forth as a Society with about five hundred members. At its general meeting at Ratisbon the number had considerably increased, and twelve Bishops had approved it. Early in 1870, Witt betook himself to Rome to explain the principles of the Society. Very shortly afterwards twenty-nine German Bishops, *i.e.*, nearly all those present at the Vatican Council, presented a petition to the Holy Father praying His Holiness to approve the Society. Accordingly by Brief dated December 16, 1870, *Multum ad movendos animos*, the Holy Father was pleased to give his formal sanction to it.

In this Brief His Holiness "deplores the fact that, putting aside the illustrious masters of sacred music, in *most churches here as well as in other countries*, a kind of music has been introduced which is only fit for the stage, and which is justly disapproved and condemned by the canonical laws, by our predecessors and by ourselves." The organization is as follows: (1) The Society of St. Cecilia enjoys the protection of a Cardinal, and is under the supervision of the bishops of the dioceses. (2) Its affairs are directed by a President General assisted by Presidents of the Dioceses. As regards music, (1) The Gregorian chant is to be cultivated everywhere. (2) Harmonized music, ancient and modern, is to be propagated, provided it be in conformity with the ecclesiastical laws. (3) Vernacular hymns are allowed when permitted by the canonical laws. (4) The ecclesiastical laws in regard to the use of the organ, &c., are to be observed. (5) A committee of skilled musicians to be appointed to examine the music. In the special Statutes subsequently appended provision was made for the appointment of diocesan and district Presidents, and for general, diocesan, and district meetings and festivals. A catalogue of music was commenced with the criticisms of the committee or Board of Examiners, above referred to. Parish societies were afterwards formed. The Cecilian Society is therefore a collection of parochial and diocesan societies, not a mere private musical society. Its object is to assist the bishops in carrying out the Decree of the Council of Trent, which declares that all unsuitable music is to be banished from churches. On this point Dr. Witt writes: "I did not begin the restoration for my own pleasure. My only pleasure was, and is to this day, the cure of souls. I wished to assist in the reform because I considered it to be the bounden duty of *every* Catholic priest and layman to exert himself, as

far as he is able, to remove the reproach constantly cast at the Church by all her enemies, and, alas, by all her friends who understand the matter, that she has not even sufficient power and life within her to protect her greatest and most sacred mystery from an unholy, and, for the most part, blasphemous music; that she tolerates a desecration of her temples and of the holy Mass by so-called church music to an extent never before known since the beginning of Christianity, so that it had become, as Ambrose says, a matter of deep regret to Catholics and to non-Catholics a subject of scorn and ridicule. If the majority of priests and laity do not understand or feel this, it is owing to their want of knowledge and their blunted feelings. They call me a reformer, but to tell the truth this title does not belong to me. For the reform of Catholic church music is the affair of the Pope and the bishops, and is not for me nor for the Society founded by me. It is for *them* to defend the temple of God and the hearts of the faithful from the ravages of unholy church music. That is *their* task, *their* official duty. Circumstances, which were more powerful than their will, have hitherto prevented the bishops from carrying out decisive regulations. The Society and its President are only servants of the bishops; they only offered themselves as instruments in carrying out the ecclesiastical laws, and as such they were accepted and empowered by the Pope and the bishops. We do not wish for a moment to order or command anything, not even in regard to the music; that is exclusively and unconditionally in great and little things the affair of the Pope and the bishops. And when and where the services of the Society are not desired, then its work ceases as a matter of course: in fact, it cannot even be commenced, as is the case in many dioceses. Moreover, there are also dioceses in which the bishops, in spite of their good intentions, are unable to find among clergy or laity competent men to carry out the reform. Hence it is not the business of the Society to carry out the ecclesiastical laws concerning church music. It is the business of the bishops; it is they who are responsible. It is their affair to explain to clergy and people the position which the choir of singers has to take at High Mass in accordance with the liturgical laws. . . . We desire to work only in those dioceses in which the bishops require us. All for the Church and for the bishops. Nothing without them, nothing against them."

Having, it is hoped, made the position of the Society clear,

let us return to the leader of the movement. In 1869, he was compelled to resign his appointment at St. Emmeram's, owing to the delicate state of his health, caused by the constant mental strain, and to accept a benefice at Stadtamhof, opposite Ratisbon. A year was spent at Eichstadt, where he reorganized the Cathedral choir, and in 1873 he was presented by the University of Munich with the parish of Schatzhoven, near Landshut in Bavaria, being first in the *concursus*. He was however obliged to absent himself in consequence of bad health, and finally settled at Landshut. Pius the Ninth conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Philosophy, and he was subsequently made Honorary Canon of Palestrina. And now let us glance at the progress of the work, and at some of the personal qualities of this great leader.

From 1868 to 1888, one year excepted, Dr. Witt presided over the Society, which grew day by day, giving proofs of its vitality by eleven general meetings, and countless diocesan, district, and parochial festivals, conferences, &c. The benefits derived from these musical productions cannot well be exaggerated, as opportunities are thus given to multitudes to hear the Gregorian chant properly rendered, *i.e.*, made beautiful and musical, the masterpieces of Palestrina and others, besides modern compositions, which have grown up under the improved circumstances of the times. Visitors thronged to the general meetings from all parts; the press was loud in its praise of the music performed, and all returned enlightened and refreshed. The growth of the movement has been quite remarkable, considering the enormous difficulties. Branches, or similar societies, have been founded in Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Italy, America, and Ireland. Dr. Witt's correspondence extended to all parts of the world, and it is said that he sent away about two thousand letters every year. In addition to this he edited the *Catalogue of Music*¹ (now a thick volume comprising over twelve hundred numbers), writing for it numerous and sometimes elaborate reviews. In 1868 he commenced his *Musica Sacra*, a monthly periodical like *Fliegende Blätter*, already mentioned; the former grew under his hand to twenty-one volumes, the latter to twenty-three. Each number contained a music supplement, to which he continually contributed. In looking through these

¹ An English version of a portion of it by the present writer has been published for the American Society by Pustet, New York.

periodicals it amazes one to see the immense number of articles, criticisms, appeals, analyses of music, controversial matters, &c., from his ready pen. In 1869 he published a very instructive work on "Conducting Church Music,"¹ and in 1886 an important controversial work;² also on another occasion a very necessary book dealing with vernacular hymns at High Mass. If those who have a "decided taste for music, but have no time to be bothered with liturgy, history, and all that kind of thing, don't you know," were just to glance at this formidable array of volumes, to say nothing of other literature on the subject, which has grown up in Germany during the last thirty years and more, would they not be inclined to abstain from the silly controversies that crop up in this country now and then concerning church music, until they have properly qualified themselves? He was always on the watch to defend the work of the Society, and this he did with unflinching success, hurling his darts with unerring aim. As the champion of truth in art, as the promoter of art in the service of the Church, it was his mission to expose ignorance, to uproot false traditions, and to upset illogical theories, and, as a matter of course, he had much to suffer from the attacks of the malicious and the uninformed. His remedy, the calm consideration of the spirit and the requirements of the liturgy, the acquisition of the necessary technical and historical knowledge, in other words, education of the right kind, was doubtless obnoxious to a good many, and by no means so exciting as fierce controversy and virulent abuse. He lost health and strength, but the exigencies of the case demanded a sacrifice, and he made it most willingly, knowing that without self-abnegation, without entire devotion to the cause, it would be impossible to gain the victory. In reference to accusations as to harshness or bitterness, he writes: "During the whole of my career it has been my opinion that it is best, following the examples of our Divine Lord and His Apostles, to speak the whole truth without reserve, and to make use of the most cutting remarks if they are in accordance with the truth. . . . I founded my periodicals to invite the attack of the whole world. . . . I wished to help the reform, and therefore was compelled to tell composers and choirmasters the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

We must not omit to mention the services he rendered on

¹ *Ueber das Dirigiren katholischer Kirchenmusik.* Ratisbon: Pustet.

² *Streitschrift.* Witt. Ratisbon: Pustet, 1886.

what he called his "Cecilian tours," in Wurtemberg, Vorarlberg, Switzerland, &c. He held conferences, lectured, conducted, sang, explained, gaining in this way many allies among choir-masters, schoolmasters, &c. His course of instruction in St. Gall in 1872 will always be remembered with gratitude in Switzerland. At one of these conferences he exclaimed in loud tones, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes: "O gentlemen, I earnestly beg and entreat you to have mercy on the people. Do not make them sensual and vulgar by sensual and vulgar music." It need hardly be remarked that he was an eloquent speaker.

In the educational plan, schools of music, of course, have an important place. Accordingly, in 1874, Dr. Witt founded the School of Church Music at Ratisbon, for training choir-masters and organists. For many years he had in his mind a plan for establishing a music school in Rome, as the beginning of a kind of Society *pro urbe et orbe*. With this object in view, he again visited Rome in 1878, and in 1880 the *Scuola Gregoriana* was opened with Papal sanction. These examples were followed elsewhere, and in 1882 a music school was commenced in Aix-la-Chapelle. There is another at Freiburg-in-Breisgau, and one is in contemplation for Switzerland. Those already established are doing excellent work, sending out year after year trained musicians.¹ In the ecclesiastical seminaries and teachers' colleges, considerable progress is being made, and by degrees education in church music will be pushed on more rapidly, it is hoped, in the parochial schools. Altogether there are about two thousand "Cecilian" choirs in Germany, and about fifteen thousand members of the Society. In the cathedrals and larger churches (Cologne, Münster, Mainz, Ratisbon, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c.), genuine church music is assiduously cultivated, and there one may listen to one's heart's content to

Chants such as heaven and earth first heard of when
The master Palestrina held the pen.

¹ In 1874 Dr. Witt was consulted about the deplorable condition of church music in England, owing to educational difficulties since the "Reformation." He considered the quickest way was to send persons to study at the Ratisbon school. At all events choirmasters and others should visit Germany where the church style can be heard, for "faith cometh by hearing." Here is an opening for young men with musical talent and a desire to serve the Church. Learn German, go to Aix-la-Chapelle or Ratisbon Music School, come back, and teach others. Professors' fees, board, &c., are very reasonable. We may add that several priests have studied there.

The writer of these lines well remembers the kind of music prevalent in Germany when he was a boy at Bonn on the Rhine. Many years afterwards, on his "Cecilian tours," he heard church music in the same place, also at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Treves, Luxemburg, Ratisbon, &c. It was a revelation indeed. How have these good results been obtained? Mainly through the exertions of the clergy. It is they who are the leaders of the movement. When the clergy qualify themselves to act as professors of the art, lay musicians soon follow their example and begin to study seriously. Thanks to Witt, and to other competent *clerical* professors, choirmasters, and *litterateurs*, church music in Germany is once more raised to the dignity of a faculty. Owing to the excellent plans adopted, satisfactory results are obtained at a wonderfully small cost.

There are about twenty-three periodicals devoted to church music; nine in Germany, the remainder in Austria, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, America, and Ireland. R. Wagner¹ and Franz Liszt² enthusiastically favoured the movement, and so do a countless number of other distinguished musicians³ and eminent men of the day. In view of the Society's splendid organization, many look upon it as "the fairest flower in the Church's garden, never before known in history, a bright example of unselfish effort on behalf of the education and moral improvement of the people by its furtherance of ideal art and an ideal liturgy." Though Dr. Witt laboured with unflagging zeal and energy, as the leader of this great movement, he was full of humility. "If I were to assert," he writes, "that I ought to receive even the slightest recognition on account of the reform, I should consider myself a liar. . . . Others have laboured far harder than I; but the result comes not from us, but from God alone. The reform is His work, and He in His mercy has used us as His instruments and permitted us to undertake the task set by Him."

¹ Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* for eight voices, with marks of expression by Richard Wagner, will be found in the Catalogue, with a lengthy criticism by Witt. Wagner was an ardent admirer of the Palestrina style. "If ecclesiastical music is ever to be restored to its original purity," he remarked, "vocal music must oust the instrumental and occupy the place this has usurped."

² Two of Liszt's compositions are in the Catalogue, viz., his *Missa Choralis* and *Ave Maris Stella*. Liszt was so deeply impressed with the music of Palestrina, Witt, &c., at one of the Cecilian Festivals, that he took in hand a choir in Budapesth, presented them with Proske's *Musica Divina*, superintended the practices, and conducted the performances in the church himself, beginning with Palestrina's *Missa Brevis*.

³ Hans von Bülow, for instance.

When the writer ventured on one occasion to praise his exquisite hymns for the Stations of the Cross, Dr. Witt wrote in reply: "It is all nothing, and I am nothing. One sows, another waters. God alone can give the increase." With his letter came a charming *Adoro te*, and a sparkling part-song for men's voices, the latter showing clearly enough that he could have made a name for himself as a composer of secular music, had he so wished.

"He was a born conductor of church music," writes one of his intimate friends. "Every glance of his eye every motion of his hand, acted like an electric spark on his singers who stood round him, completely at his command, their attention entirely engrossed, looking more at him than at the notes. Consequently as a conductor, Dr. Witt effected great things; I remember him, for instance, at the second and fifth general meetings at Ratisbon, and at Eichstadt, when he was choirmaster there. Connoisseurs could not sufficiently praise the wonderful precision of the singers, the expression, the angelic, ætherial strains gradually dying away, like choirs of blessed spirits in the distance; then the majestic *marcato*, the great chords rolling along like thunder, the crystal-like clearness of the parts in intricate contrapuntal passages." Here is a sketch of him by one of his pupils at St. Emmeram's:

"Witt did not overload his choir with practices. If no particular festival were approaching, we had only one practice during the week, lasting three quarters of an hour. But that was a practice! As the hour approached the light-hearted students scarcely whispered, for it was a moment of intense excitement. At the last stroke of the clock, we knocked gently at the door. "Come in," he cried in a quick, decided tone, and keeping close together in we walked, silently saluting him. Violin, music, and *bâton* were laid out in readiness. We formed ourselves into a half circle so that each could see the conductor. Death-like silence. In his cassock, a violin under his arm, bow in hand, Witt marched to the desk, perfectly calm and without uttering a word. We perceived that this was to him a moment of great importance. On his brow was depicted deep thought; his dark eyes flashed as he slowly scanned the group. He glanced for an instant at the score, then searchingly at the group of singers; said a few words of explanation, but only a few and no more, decisive ones and well to the point, and the practice began. In a

moment his calmness departed. With the first note, with the first beat of the *bâton*, it was obvious that he grasped the whole composition; it took entire possession of him; it flashed from his eyes; it coursed through his veins; it lent him a guiding hand; it so entirely affected the small frame of the great man, that his spirit flew out like an electric spark, and entered into each singer. Consequently every one sang as if he had written the composition himself. It was marvellous. Each felt that the master forgot all about himself, and absorbed in the art-work, threw his whole identity into it, and therefore each singer did his utmost. If the piece were satisfactorily sung, a few hints were given in as few words; and they were not repeated. If something had gone wrong, it was like a thunder-clap in our midst, right in the middle of the singing. He made us all quake, and the "naughty ones" he literally transfixed. This thunder-clap was not preceded by long arguments or scolding, but it was a clap in Witt's own style, electrical; it was soon over, but it crushed! The young ones shed bitter tears, the older ones sank into their boots, for the flash of his eye, the tone of his voice, the groaning kind of *ach!* from one who otherwise was so quiet and pleasant, was like boiling drops of pitch on their souls. After the practice how often was he bathed in perspiration! Frequently, however, there was no mishap; often did the singers' eyes gleam with enthusiasm, and their hearts beat rapidly; often his pleasant glance and approving nod cheered them, when they had done well. Nevertheless a certain seriousness and solemnity of demeanour remained. And so we departed silently, as we had come."

Let us now consider him as a composer. The catalogue contains about thirty of his Masses, including Requiems, a number of motets, litanies, hymns, &c., collections of Offertories, Graduals, &c. Then there are his numerous contributions to his periodicals. He was strongly in favour of progress in art, and entirely opposed to those who wished to confine it within certain narrow limits. He was of opinion that even the old masters might be surpassed, especially with reference to certain liturgical points, undue extension of contrapuntal passages, &c. He wished composers (and he endeavoured himself) to be original and to make use of modern improvements, in so far as they could be legitimately employed in art for the service of the Church. "The higher the work of art, the more heartily we welcome it, provided it be in accordance with the liturgical laws. Art and liturgy do not

exclude each other, and the latter in no way hinders the former; on the contrary, in the words of Mozart, Schumann, &c., the text offers a splendid substratum for the highest art. The higher the quality of that which is really church music, the higher the recognition which we accord to it." Again, "We further all the truly ecclesiastical, holy, elevating, and sublime music, which man has laid at the feet of the Eternal in the course of the last 1800 years." Many of his compositions are extremely beautiful and original; such graceful church-like melodies, such deep and solemn harmonies, such lingering cadences regretfully parting from the tender strains. And then what unity in the design, what vigorous, majestic chords, alternating with the delicate tracery of contrapuntal elaborations. The brilliancy and richness of the tone-colouring, the well distributed light and shade—truly tone pictures of surpassing loveliness. And yet there is not that straining after effect which makes some music such wretchedly poor stuff. How beautifully liturgical it all is, what attention is paid to the spirit of the words, how well the text declaims. No wonder that all the noted musicians of the day admired his compositions, and that the whole German press over and over again warmly praised them.

With reference to the catalogue, it has been said that some of the compositions therein are poor. Of course they are, because the weakness of choirs has to be considered. The humblest village choir must be reached. "Worthy music for Divine worship; the edification, elevation, and education of the people by means of devout and solemn music down to the smallest village." That was his programme. Is it not a grand one?

Dr. Witt thoroughly grasped the "liturgical idea;" he realized to its fullest extent the part which the Church assigns to liturgy; he employed all his great talents and energies, aided by his profound liturgical, historical, and musical studies, to bring this liturgical idea home to the hearts and minds of clergy, choirmasters, composers, and the faithful generally. To honour God by the glorification of the liturgy, to win souls to God by making the Church the people's true school of art—these were his aims; and by his powers of organization, his practical application of his theory, and his facility in making it clear to all, he brought about a new epoch in the history of church music, and for this great service rendered to God, to His Church, and to his people, he will always be regarded as one of the most remarkable men of this century.

Having considered Dr. Witt in his character as organizer, *littérateur*, conductor, and composer of church music, let us now view him as a Christian, as a priest. Piety was his characteristic; he began life piously, as we have seen, and he spent it piously. His whole life was devoted to the service of God. He was a model priest, lovingly discharging all his sacred duties. Despite his manifold occupations and anxieties, he was always ready at a moment's notice to hear even a child's confession. He was exceedingly charitable and generous in almsgiving, and always had a kind word for every one.

On his retirement to Landshut he continued his active life in spite of delicate health. He lived in a pleasant little house close to the Franciscan convent. He said Mass daily in his little oratory at five o'clock, and even earlier in summer (sitting down part of the time, as he had received permission from the Holy Father to do so), and then he was ready to hear confessions, &c. The whole neighbourhood knew the place, and about two hundred people came to him to confession in the course of a month, as was afterwards discovered from his diary. During the day he attended to his literary work, studied and read, working generally for about ten hours. He was particularly fond of historical books (Janssen, Pastor, Sybel), and was also much interested in other learned literature, especially the latest theological works. In fine weather he took an afternoon walk with a friend; on other occasions he liked to go to a neighbouring convent, where the children's singing was extremely good, and this was the only kind of music which from time to time he sought after.

On Advent Sunday last, the 2nd of December, the eve of his feast-day (St. Francis Xavier), he said Mass as usual at five o'clock and then heard the confessions of some country people. Feeling giddy he drank a glass of water, and in a few minutes peacefully expired. What a beautiful death after a glorious life spent in the service of the Church! *Deo gratias*. With the sweet fragrance of the Divine Sacrifice still lingering around him, his trembling hand but a moment before raised in absolution, amidst his beloved poor, the noble-hearted priest, the fearless defender of truth in art, the great master, passed to his eternal reward, and his name will be in benediction from generation to generation.

H. S. BUTTERFIELD.

*Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., or the Mission of the
Martyrs.*

We fools esteemed his life madness, and his end without honour ;
How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the
saints.

Wisdom v. 4, 5.

EARLY one morning, on a bright beautiful day in August, 1642, a little procession of twelve canoes was slowly making its way from Quebec up the great river of St. Lawrence.

Those who have read the story of the Huron Mission, will know that the young man who sits in the first boat, in a long black robe with a crucifix hanging from his girdle, must be one of the Jesuit Fathers. It is Father Isaac Jogues—and for six years he has shared in the difficulties and dangers of that Mission. He is now on his way back to the priests there, bringing them a precious supply of sacred vessels for the altar, clothing, writing materials, and many other things of which they were much in need. For three years they had not been able to get anything from Quebec, because of the fierce Mohawks and Iroquois who haunted the banks of the St. Lawrence, ready to swoop down upon unprotected travellers.

At last Father Jogues undertook the perilous journey, and he is returning with a party of Huron traders who have been for their yearly visit to Quebec. With him are a few Huron converts and two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, who had given themselves up to the Mission though they were not priests.

At first sight, any one looking at Jogues' slight frame, and the pale refined face, would have thought him ill-fitted to bear the hardships and dangers which these Apostles in the New World had to encounter. But a second glance showed that there was no weakness of will in the firm mouth, and if bodily strength was wanting, it was made up for by energy and unusual activity.

Like the other priests, he had obeyed literally Christ's words

and had left home, country, and friends, for His sake and the Gospel. His parents were rich, his home was in sunny France. There, fond of study, and with greater gifts than are given to most men, he might have made his name famous by his learning. But when he grew old enough to choose what kind of life he would lead, he found that the choice lay between two widely different paths.

On the one hand, much delight, much present earthly honour and happiness ; on the other exile, toil, and a mysterious joy, that only those who suffer can know.

The one path was a smooth often trodden road ; the other was the King's highway of the Holy Cross, marked with the deep foot-prints of the Son of God. He could not hesitate—what matter how hard his life, so long as it was spent with such a Fellow Traveller ! So he joined the Society of Jesus, and soon was sent out to the Huron Mission.

Of what was he thinking on that bright August day, as his eyes watched how cleverly the Indians guided their frail little boats ? for they were passing through a part of the St. Lawrence called the Thousand Isles. It may be he was looking forward to the joyful welcome that awaited him at his journey's end, or perhaps he looked back with feelings of thankfulness that God had so far prospered him on his way.

What would he have felt had he known that this would be the last time for many a long weary day that he would enjoy the beautiful world and move in it as a free man ? Had such knowledge been granted him, may we not believe that feelings of joyful thankfulness would still have filled his heart ? for his one desire was to do God's will whatever it might be. As the day wore on, it grew very hot, and there was that strange stillness in the air which often comes with intense heat. The canoes kept close to the shore, partly to escape the current, and partly to get into the shade of the great forest that reached down to the river's edge. They moved on slowly because the water was shallow and there were thick groups of tall bulrushes in their way.

Suddenly a frightful yell broke the silence. The hearts of the Hurons died within them ! They knew it only too well ! The war-whoop of the Iroquois ! The next moment, as if by magic, canoes full of the savages shot out from behind the rushes where they had been lying in wait, and bore down upon the little Huron fleet.

A wild scene of panic and confusion followed. Jogues sprang into the bulrushes and might have escaped, when a shout of triumph stopped him. He looked round and saw that René Gonfril and several of their converts had fallen into the hands of the victors. He could not desert his companions, so he came out of his hiding-place and to their astonishment let the Iroquois seize him.

Couture, the other Frenchman, might have escaped, but he too turned back to share in whatever might happen to the beloved Father. Five Iroquois rushed at him and fired but missed him. Hardly knowing in his excitement what he was doing, Couture shot one of the savages dead. The other four sprang upon him, and with mad fury stripped him and tore his hands with their teeth. Jogues could not contain himself at the sight. Reckless of what might follow he broke away from his guards and threw his arms round his friend's neck, but he was dragged back and beaten with clubs till he fell senseless to the ground. As soon as he recovered, the Iroquois mangled his hands in the same horrible way. They then set off with their prey, but before leaving, Jogues, in spite of his agony, dragged himself up to a Huron who was left lying on the shore, and with his poor bleeding hands, sprinkled him with the waters of Baptism.

They then crossed the St. Lawrence and made their way to the nearest Mohawk village. The prisoners passed thirteen days of almost unceasing torture. Sometimes their fiendish captors formed themselves into two rows, and made the Christians pass between them, beating them with clubs and thorny sticks till they fell down covered with blood and half dead. Night brought them little rest, for they could not sleep because of the fever of their wounds aggravated by the swarms of mosquitoes.

Father Jogues forgot his own sufferings in trying to cheer his companions. He told them it wouldn't be long before the pain they bore here would be changed into joy for ever! Wasn't this what they had looked forward to? Christ had laid down His life to redeem them, and in carrying the good tidings to these ignorant savages, should they murmur at the pains which reminded them that "without shedding of blood, there is no remission"?

At last they came near the first Mohawk village. It stood on a hill, and the captives, weak with their wounds and bruises,

and half-starved, for they had had scarcely anything to eat except wild berries, were forced to help in carrying up the plunder from the canoes. When they got close to the town the Iroquois gave a whoop, and a swarm of Mohawks, young and old, streamed out to meet them; all had sticks in their hands. They ranged themselves in a double row up the hill, and as each prisoner passed between them, he was greeted with yells and screeches and a volley of blows. No wonder that for a moment Goupil and Couture's courage failed, but again Jogues cheered them on.

"Think of this," he cried, "as the narrow road that leads to Paradise!" When they got into the town they were put on to a high wooden platform, and the crowd came round and mocked and hooted at them. Then a chief called out, "Come, let us caress these Frenchmen!" so they climbed on to the platform and one cut off Jogues' left thumb, and tortured them all in other ways more cruel still. They were not merciful enough to kill them. It was sport to see how much a Christian could bear.

Couture was soon separated from the others, and Jogues and René Goupil were dragged on in triumph from one town to another and tortured in each. Although nearly dead with pain and exhaustion, they were always ready to teach and baptize any who seemed inclined to listen as they told of Christ's great love in dying on the Cross, and of the Heaven opened to all who follow Him.

It is impossible to describe all the shocking cruelties they had to suffer. They endured them not only patiently, but joyfully. One day in the autumn the Father and Goupil, dressed in tattered skins, were walking in the forest near one of the villages. They were enjoying the few minutes' relief from the cruel taunts and the sight of wild dark faces, and they knelt down together in earnest prayer that God would let them keep faithful to the end.

"Courage, my son," said Jogues. "What joy can be greater than to be united to Christ? And if we know something of the fellowship of His sufferings, is not it almost as great a happiness as the rest in Paradise will be? We are in Him. What can really hurt us?"

As they went on with their walk, two young Indians joined them. Jogues thought there was a suspicious look on their sullen faces, and as they got near the village, one of them suddenly drew a hatchet from under his blanket and

struck Goupil on the head. He fell, murmuring the Name that had so often been on his lips, "Jesus!"

Jogues too fell on his knees, and bowing his head, waited for his turn more eagerly than ever prisoner longed for his release. But the blow did not come. "Get up and go home!" said the Indian, savagely. Bitterly disappointed, the priest rose. Seeing that his companion still breathed he bent over him, and after the words of absolution, whispered: "Depart, O Christian soul in peace." How he must have longed to go too! But there was more yet for him to bear and do. The stone must be cut and polished still brighter before it could shine as one of his Lord's jewels.

So he followed the Indians and saw the martyr's lifeless body dragged through the town amid hootings and triumphant yells. He himself was kept as a captive.

He was now left alone without any earthly friend to cheer him, but the brave steadfast soul only clung the closer to the Hand ever stretched out to save him, when it seemed as if he must sink in the deep waters of anguish that rolled over him.

At the end of the year a party of the Indians went on a deer hunt and took Jogues with them. He had to follow them through the dark forests, fetching them water or fire-wood as meekly as if he was one of their squaws. His cruel masters could not make him out. They abused him and he never answered them; they ill-treated him and were always met with the same unflinching patience. Perhaps all spirit had been crushed out of him? They soon found they were mistaken. Once when he was kneeling down saying his prayers, they taunted him with praying to a God who either did not listen to him, or else was not strong enough to help him. In a moment the gentle, persecuted slave was changed. His eyes flashed. He drew his limbs together as if he could have sprung upon his enemies, not because they had mocked at him, but at his God, until even the Indians cowered before his stern look and resolute bearing.

When it grew too dark for them to hunt, they lighted a great fire, slung a kettle across it, and sitting round, made merry while they feasted. The Father sat apart, perishing with cold and nearly starved, for the savages offered up all the game they had killed to one of their gods and ate it in his honour. Jogues could not eat what was sacrificed to

an idol, so he had to live on any roots and wild berries that he could find.

Often he would steal away from "this Babylon," as he called it, where night was made horrible with songs and yells, and wander further into the forest to escape the horrid sounds. As he went along he would comfort himself by repeating verses from the Bible. He must have felt how truly St. Paul had written: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness or danger, or the sword? In all these things we overcome because of Him that loved us." Or he would look up at the bright northern lights flashing in the wintry sky and fancy they were glimpses of the glory of Paradise, until he almost seemed to catch faint echoes of the song of triumph, which the victors, whose fight is over, are singing there, and he would go on his way again, strong and rejoicing.

In one lonely spot to which he came, he carved a cross on the trunk of a great tree and knelt down in the snow before it. The gloomy pines waved above him, the stars shone kindly down, and He who is always watching over His beloved most surely filled his heart with His own peace and joy. The Indians were constantly moving about from one place to another, and Jogues lost no opportunity of trying to convert the people in the different villages they visited. Often they made inroads into the Huron country and came back with prisoners, whom they tortured before they killed them. The priest would stand by them at the stake, baptizing and comforting them in their cruel sufferings. His own life was not safe from one day to another; at any moment of sudden rage, a Mohawk was likely to cleave his head with a tomahawk.

In the course of their wanderings they came to Fort Orange, a little Dutch settlement on the River Hudson. The Dutch were on friendly terms with the Mohawks and gave them knives and beads in exchange for their furs, but one of them named Van Cuyler was so shocked at the sight of the priest's wasted form and terrible wounds that he got an opportunity of speaking to him, and said: "There is a vessel close by, in the Hudson, nearly ready to sail for France; I can give you a passage in her if you like. You had better escape if you can."

Jogues thanked him warmly, but was afraid that if he took his advice the Indians might fall on the Dutch in revenge.

"You needn't have any fears about that," said Van Cuyler. "We are strong enough to defend ourselves and this is too good a chance to be lost."

Again Jogues thanked him. "But forgive me," he added, "if I cannot at once accept your generous offer. Give me till to-morrow morning. I will spend to-night in prayer, and God will then tell me what He would have me do."

"What a fool the man must be to hesitate? What can be the reason?" said Van Cuyler, as he shrugged his burly shoulders and moved away. The priest passed all that night praying for God's guidance. It was such a tempting offer. To be free! To see his own country again! He felt almost dizzy with delight at the thought. But would it be right to go? Ought he not to go on with his old life, as long as there was any hope of more Huron prisoners to convert and baptize?

Yet on the other hand had not God Himself sent him this unlooked-for chance of escape, and was it not almost a kind of suicide to persist in staying with the Mohawks, who might kill him at any moment?

On the whole it seemed right to go, so as soon as it was light he went to the Dutchman and accepted his kind offer. Van Cuyler told him that a boat would be left on the shore for him, and he must seize the first opportunity to escape in it to the ship, where he would be safe.

Jogues and the Indians were lodged in a big barn belonging to a Dutch farmer. As soon as it was dark he stole out to plan his escape later on in the night, when, as he was passing the fence round the house, a large dog flew at him and bit his leg badly. Hearing the noise of the barking, the farmer came out with a light and led the priest back to have his wound bandaged. The Indians were lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets, and to prevent their suspecting anything, Jogues lay down beside them. Just before dawn, while they were still asleep, he rose softly and stole out of the house. He could hardly walk for the pain in his leg, and it was a rough path of more than half a mile down to the river.

What was his dismay when he got there, to find that the tide had ebbed and had left the boat high and dry on the shore! Day was breaking. To go back was certain death. He shouted to the distant vessel, but no one heard him. In despair he seized hold of the boat, and at last by pushing and dragging succeeded

in getting it down into the water. Then he jumped in and rowed off to the ship.

The sailors received him kindly, and as they were not to start for a few days, they hid him in the bottom of the hold as the safest place and put a large box over the hatchway. The Indians meantime were furious at his escape. They searched all through the settlement, and even came on board the ship to look for him, but could not find him, as he crouched down in his stifling hiding-place.

At length they set sail. The voyage across the Atlantic was long and rough. Jogues had to sleep on deck on a coil of ropes, and was often drenched by a wave dashing over him. But he cared little for such small hardships as these. He was free! He was going to France! The days of torture he had gone through with those wild, uncouth savages must have seemed now almost like a hideous nightmare from which he was just awaking, until his eyes fell on his scars and wounds, and he thanked God it was no dream, but a glorious reality; these were trophies of victory, to be laid some day at the Feet of his Captain, who had Himself been made "perfect through suffering."

When they reached the coast of France, Jogues was landed in a small boat on the shores of Brittany, as the ship was going on farther.

It was late in the afternoon on Christmas Day, when he set foot on his native land again. As he looked around how strangely peaceful it seemed, after the scenes he had left! No gloomy pathless forests, but green fields with quiet cattle grazing; no wild savages shouting round huge, flickering log fires, only blue smoke curling softly up against the sunset sky from many a happy homestead.

Near the shore stood a peasant's cottage. The priest went up to it, and knocked at the door. A kindly-looking woman opened it, and asked what he wanted.

"Can you tell me the way to the nearest church?" She pointed it out to him; then, as he turned to go, her kind heart was struck with his pale weary look. "Are you ill?" she asked.

"No," answered Jogues, "only I have been a long journey, and am somewhat exhausted."

"Come in and share our supper before you go any further," said the woman kindly, thinking the poorly-dressed stranger

was some wandering Irishman. "On this blessed Christmas night, no one shall go from our door hungry or tired."

"The Divine Babe of Bethlehem requite you for your goodness," answered the grateful priest. "I will first go into the church, and then come back and take you at your word."

With what rapture did he kneel before the altar in the lighted church, and pour out his soul in adoring love before Him who had never forsaken him; who had walked beside His toiling servant through all the weary days that had passed; who would be with him always through the days that were still to come.

When he returned to the cottage, his hosts noticed his poor mutilated hands, and asked if he had met with some accident? As they sat and talked round the fire, he told them the story of what he had gone through. The good people's surprise and veneration knew no bounds. They touched his wounds with sacred reverence. They knelt before him exclaiming: "We have entertained an angel unawares! Give us your blessing, my Father!" And the two children ran off and fetched a handful of sous, which was all they had, and begged him to take them.

The next day he left the simple, friendly peasants, and went on to Rennes, where there was a Jesuit College. He reached it early in the morning, and knocked at the great gate.

"What do you want?" said the porter, roughly.

"I wish to speak with the Father Superior," answered Jogues.

"The Reverend Father is engaged. You can't see him," returned the porter, at the same time putting out his head to look at the gentle-voiced stranger, who yet must surely be a beggar with such tattered clothes and coarse woollen cap.

"I can wait," continued Jogues in the same gentle tone as before, "but tell the Reverend Father that one who has come with news from Canada, asks to see him."

"From Canada! If you speak the truth, that's a different matter, indeed!" and as he spoke, the porter hastily unbarred the gate, and let him through.

All the Jesuits were intensely interested in the Canadian Mission, and an account of Jogues' capture by the Iroquois had already reached them from the Fathers at Quebec.

As soon as the Superior was at liberty, he sent for Jogues

and began asking him about Canada. Then he said, "Did you know one of the Fathers named Isaac Jogues?"

"Yes, I knew him very well," was the answer.

"The Iroquois have taken him," the Father went on. "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," cried Jogues, "he is alive and at liberty, and—I am he!" Then he fell on his knees and asked his Superior's blessing.

We can fancy what rejoicing and thanksgiving followed throughout the College. How the Fathers crowded round to hear his story. What an honour they felt it to have the brave confessor beneath their roof. How they praised God for the faithful servant who had indeed, in the true spirit of their Order, lived such a life of martyrdom for "the greater glory of God."

They were not able, however, to keep him long there. The news of his coming soon spread, and he had to go to Paris to see his immediate Superior. The Queen, too, sent for him. When the once persecuted slave of the Mohawks was conducted into the great hall of Versailles where the majestic Anne of Austria sat, with her nobles and great ladies round her, she came forward to meet him; and before he could bend his knee in homage, she had taken his scarred hands in hers, and kissed them with tender reverence. All the members of the most splendid Court in Europe vied with each other in showing their respect and admiration for the gentle, saintly hero.

But the steadfast priest had no mind to spend his life amid courts and honours which only pained his humility. His heart was in Canada, and he was soon impatient to be back there at his old work of going after those outcast sheep, and bringing them into Christ's fold. He only stayed six months in France. Then he set sail, as ready as before to suffer and die for his Lord.

While he had been away, the Mohawks and other Iroquois tribes had attacked the French, and then wanted to make a treaty with them. When Jogues reached Montreal, the French were trying to find some one to go as ambassador, and settle the terms of peace. No one knew the habits and character of the Mohawks so well as Jogues. But even his Superior hesitated to send him to a people who had treated him so cruelly, though the brave Father at once declared that he was ready to go.

At the first moment, indeed, he could not help shrinking in horror from the idea of again venturing into their power, but the next he was full of joy at having a chance of carrying the banner of the Cross into those savage homes. He felt sure, though, that much to suffer lay before him, probably death.

"I shall go," he said, "but I shall not return. This will be no mission of peace, but rather the 'mission of the martyrs.' Blessed be God whatever happens. His Holy Will be done."

So he set off with peace-offerings from the French Government, passing through the same gloomy forests where he had suffered so much, and came to the Mohawk village, where he had once been put to such savage torture.

The Mohawks were now anxious to be friends with the French, so they treated Jogues very differently this time, with the greatest respect, and agreed to all he said. They even allowed him to baptize several of their Huron prisoners, before he returned to Montreal.

After telling the French Governor the result of his treaty, he once more set out on his mission of love, at the command of his Superior, and accompanied by three or four Hurons, journeyed for the last time through those forests where he had formerly passed so many lonely nights, carving on the bark of many a giant tree the name of "Jesus."

On the way he was met by some Indians who urged him to turn back, as some other Iroquois tribes were very angry at the peace, and the fickle Mohawks were no longer friendly. He could hardly hope to escape death if he persisted in going on.

The brave priest thanked them for warning him, but he could not listen to their advice. He was under orders to make another effort to win the Mohawks to the Christian faith, and though the terrified Hurons refused to go any further with him, he would not abandon his mission, and cherished the hope that the Indians had been misinformed. But as he drew near the first Mohawk village, a savage whoop, and the shoutings of wild war songs resounding through the forest, convinced him of the terrible truth of their report.

In another moment he was surrounded by a troop of Mohawks, who seized him and led him into the town in triumph. The old scenes he knew so well were repeated. He was beaten with fists and sticks, and one savage cut strips of flesh from his back and arms, crying: "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of an oki!"

"I am a man like yourselves," answered the priest, scarcely flinching at the horrible pain, "but I do not fear death or torture. I do not know why you would kill me. I come here to show you the way to Heaven, and you treat me like a dog."

"You shall die to-morrow," yelled the crowd. "Take courage, we shall not burn you. We shall strike you with a hatchet, and place your head on the palissade, so that any other white men whom we may take prisoners can see it."

On the evening of the same day—St. Luke's day—Jogues was sitting before the fire in his hut, when an Indian came in and told him that one of the chiefs called the Bear Chief had invited him to supper.

The priest knew he must obey, so he rose at once and went with the savage, who led him to the Bear Chief's lodge. Perhaps, as he followed his silent guide, he felt that it was to no earthly feast he was summoned that night.

As he bent his head to enter the low doorway, an Indian who was standing hidden inside suddenly stepped forward, and struck him through the head with his hatchet. Without a sound, the priest fell lifeless at his murderer's feet. The Mohawks were rid of the man they hated because he tried to save them, and another recruit had gone to join "the noble army of martyrs."

All was ended—the weary wanderings, the days of suffering, and the nights of pain. No more angry tauntings and cruel tortures now—but rest, peace, and endless joy for the faithful constant soul who had won his crown at last.

An Impossible Precept.

A JUST command usually implies the possibility of doing that which is commanded. It seems difficult to imagine that this could be otherwise. Yet the 23rd canon of the Sixth Session of the Council of Trent tells us that it is impossible for any man, except by a special privilege, to avoid all sins through the whole course of his life. But all sin, whether venial or mortal, is by its nature a transgression of God's law, a violation of a command given by Him, and the Council of Trent tells us that it is impossible to pass through life without violating at least one of these commands. We also know that God is infinitely just. We have both these truths from the infallible teaching of the Church. They are both articles of faith, yet at first sight they seem to contradict each other. Nor is the privilege spoken of by the Council of any assistance to us in understanding this apparent contradiction, for if it were within the reach of all who sincerely wish to obey God's law, it could not be correctly spoken of as special. The canon cited above, tells us that this privilege was conferred upon the Blessed Virgin, and it is, moreover, the teaching of the Church that she did avoid all sin throughout life. She is the only person of whom we know this; and we have good reason for believing that she is the only person on whom the privilege was conferred.

The difficulty of reconciling with each other two seemingly contradictory statements, is a very common one in affairs of daily life. Different witnesses sometimes describe an event so differently that it is hard to believe that they are both speaking of the same occurrence, yet when the whole event is thoroughly understood, it turns out that each correctly described what he saw from his own particular standpoint. It is an examination of the details that make it possible to reconcile with each other the statements that at first sight appeared to be hopelessly conflicting.

In the case before us, we have to examine the command given to all men to avoid sin; and we have also to examine the justice of God. In the command we may examine the command itself or the act by which the command is given, and also the thing commanded.

The command itself is the authoritative expression of a superior's will communicated to his subject; this much is common to all commands, but the way in which the superior wills the execution of his commands is not always the same. Sometimes he does not wish his command to be pushed to its complete execution. The order given by God to Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, was an order of this kind. He wished that Abraham should give proof of his readiness to obey the command, but He did not wish the fulfilment of the command, since He interposed, by an angel, to prevent the death of Isaac. Sometimes the superior does wish that his command be fully executed. The command which God gives men to avoid sin is of this kind, whether the command is given through the medium of conscience, or whether it is given immediately by God Himself. This moral law, whether positive or purely natural, is founded on reason in all its commands. When it commands or forbids an act, it always does so on account of some good or evil which is contained in the act itself. Thus the crime of murder, which was forbidden by the natural law even before it was prohibited by the positive command given on Mount Sinai, was forbidden because it is in itself bad. God cannot be indifferent to such acts. He must necessarily desire that they should not be performed, because His own nature being in itself good, is opposed to them or, in other words, His holiness, by which He hates evil and loves good, cannot acquiesce in such actions. Thus He cannot be indifferent to any violation of the moral law, to any such acts as are opposed to His own nature. The command, therefore, to avoid sin, unlike the command given to Abraham, expresses God's real and full desire upon the subject.

We may examine under another aspect, also, the command to avoid all venial sin, always bearing in mind that a command is an expression of the will. God's will is absolute whenever He chooses to make it so; whatever He desires absolutely must necessarily take place. When that which He desires depends upon Himself alone, He must desire it absolutely, for the only possible condition that can be annexed to His

desire is the co-operation of another free agent. Thus, if He desire that a certain combination of the heavenly bodies take place at a given moment in the future, the desired result must be accomplished. The bodies themselves cannot frustrate His desire, for the forces by which they are impelled are blind forces, depending, not for their existence only, but for their guidance also upon His will alone. Nor can His desire be frustrated by any lack of knowledge of the various means by which the result can be accomplished, or by a lack of power to use those means, for in Him there is no lack either of knowledge or of power. Thus, in dealing directly with creatures which are not free agents, His will regarding them is always absolute, and therefore necessarily produces the result which He desires. Such an act of the will and its accomplishment are described to us in those words of the first chapter of Genesis: "And God said, Let there be light, and light was made." Such an act of the will is efficacious, and is itself the cause of that which is willed.

But the way in which God deals with free agents, with man, for instance, is entirely different. Some of man's actions, it is true, are not free, but automatic; they depend, not upon his will, but upon the animal organism. It is, however, only with his free actions that we now have to deal. These voluntary acts are the result of the joint operation of God and man. Man, being dependent upon God for all things, has himself no power to act. This power must come from God. But God's plans must be wise; anything involving self-contradiction could never enter into His plans. To coerce man's free will, would involve self-contradiction, for if the human will were coerced it would be no longer free. Thus the joint action of God and man is required for the performance of these free acts of man. God desires that each of these free acts be directed to some lawful object, but He cannot impose His will upon free agents in the same way that He can impose it upon other creatures, which, unlike free agents, have not received the faculty of directing those natural powers with which they are endowed. To man God merely declares His will, making known to him also that he will be rewarded or punished according as he obeys or disobeys it. It is this declaration of the Divine will which constitutes the moral law.

Man's free actions, then, are governed, not by any physical law, but by this moral law. God desires his obedience to this

moral law, but does not prevent his disobedience. His act of obedience, the result desired by God, does not depend absolutely upon the Divine will expressed in the command, but it depends conditionally upon it. In desiring a certain act, God makes it immediately possible; if man co-operates, God realizes that possibility. Thus man's free co-operation is a condition which God annexes to the realization of His own desire; His desire will be realized provided that man co-operates, but not otherwise. His desire will become efficacious or not according as the required co-operation is given or withheld.

Let us now return to the particular case that we are considering, the command given to man to avoid all venial sin through life. The will expressed in this command is not efficacious; the result desired is not obtained, and this, as we have seen, cannot be due to any cause but one, man's failure to co-operate. We may now ask: What is the nature of the co-operation required in this case?

In many of man's free acts, his free assent is the only co-operation that God requires of him; sometimes, again, a certain amount of exertion or labour is required of him before he can give this free assent. When a person has a pleasing object offered to him which God desires him to accept, he is naturally inclined to accept it. It is easier to accept it than to refuse it. The acceptance requires no effort; on the contrary, it is the refusal which would require an effort: and yet provided that the refusal of the object be possible, the acceptance of it is free. The assent of the will to the proposal made to it by the reason to accept this pleasant object, is sufficient to constitute free co-operation with God's desire. The will having thus decided in favour of the proposal made to it, next obliges the other powers to carry out its decision. It obliges the arm to stretch forth towards the object in question, it obliges the hand to grasp it. The act of acceptance itself is the result of the joint operation of God and man. It is the result of God's action because it is the use made by men of certain natural powers, powers belonging to the will, to the arm, to the hand, all of which powers were called into being by God, and which need a constant exercise of His creative might to preserve them in being. The act of acceptance proceeds from man also, because his will could have been determined in either of two ways; it could assent or refuse to assent to the proposition made by the reason. If it has assented, it is owing to its own

free determination that it has done so. This free determination, then, is the contribution that man makes to the joint operation.

But, it may be asked: Whence does that self-determining power of the human will proceed? All man's powers admittedly proceed from God, but here is a power, which, it is assumed, is independent of God, as man can bring it as his contribution to the joint action.

As to the fact that we possess this power, we can have no doubt; the consciousness of each one tells him that many of his acts are free, that, at the time of acting, he could, had he chosen, have acted differently or refrained from acting at all; but if we try to scrutinize closely this power of self-determination, or to examine into its workings, we find ourselves at once on the verge of a mystery.

We have seen, then, that the co-operation required of man sometimes does not go beyond mere assent of the will to a proposal. Sometimes, however, very much more than this mere assent is demanded of man. Thus, it often happens that he is required, not to accept, but to refuse a pleasing object that is offered him. In this case, his natural inclinations, those forces of his nature which often rise unbidden, and attempt to urge him in a direction in which he would not willingly go, must be forcibly restrained, and the effort required for this is sometimes very considerable.

It is clear that God, being just, will not demand from man an effort of which he is physically incapable. Man's natural powers, when assisted by grace, are, it is true, greatly strengthened, but they always remain finite; there must always be a limit to what, even under the most favourable circumstances, he is able to perform. This limit is determined by God, who decides what amount of natural power and what amount of grace each man shall receive; but though God decides at what point the limit shall be placed, He never decides to remove the limit entirely, for that would be to confer infinite power upon a creature, to make the creature equal to the Creator by whom he was produced, a conception involving intrinsic contradiction. Thus there must always be a limit to the power conferred on man, and God never demands of man an effort beyond this limit. To do so would be opposed to His own wisdom and justice; it would imply a desire for that which was unattainable, and an intention of giving blame for a failure that, under the supposed circumstances, would not be culpable.

The co-operation, therefore, required of man can never include an exertion which shall exceed his natural powers, strengthened by that amount of grace which God is ready to give him for this particular exertion; in other words, no effort can be demanded of him which it is physically impossible for him to make.

But though it would be unjust to demand more than he can perform, there would be no injustice in demanding of him all that he can perform. The demand cannot exceed the limit of his power, but it can reach that limit. God could, for instance, demand of man that through his whole life he should constantly put forth his utmost strength in his exertion to obey the whole moral law; and clearly, any effort less than this could be justly demanded. We cannot know what the precise amount of co-operation is which is demanded of man when the command is given him to avoid all venial sin through life; but this we know for certain, that the co-operation demanded of him is physically possible, and moreover, that if the co-operation were given, that command which is now inefficacious, would be efficacious.

But there is another way in which the command which we are now considering could be rendered efficacious. As we have seen, man always receives whatever grace is necessary to make the execution of every command given him physically possible. Besides this grace, which we may term sufficient grace, he sometimes receives additional grace, which leads him to obey the command when he would not otherwise have done so. God, by means of the foreknowledge which He has of what will occur in every possible contingency, can so apportion this additional grace, as to lead a person to obey any command given him.

Thus God, without interfering with the freedom of the human will, is always able, if He chooses, to direct men's free actions. By means of this additional grace, He can so increase man's strength or diminish the difficulties by which he is surrounded, that the effort on man's part, which without the additional grace would not have sufficed for complete obedience to a command, with the additional grace is sufficient for complete obedience to it. And here we have the other way, in which the command to avoid all venial sin through this life could be made efficacious. God could allot to any individual that amount of grace, in addition to what is merely sufficient,

which would so enlighten his mind and strengthen his will, that he would be induced to make the effort required of him.

This grace, as we know from the words of the Council of Trent, cited above, is not commonly given; it is there stated to be a special privilege. We can well believe that such a grace is only given as a reward for very high merit; in fact, the Blessed Virgin is the only person on whom it is known to have been conferred. Not only was she conceived free from original sin, but she passed through this life free from any stain of actual sin.

We may now sum up in a few words the description of this command to avoid venial sin all through life. It is, as we have seen, a full and real expression of God's wish upon the subject. It belongs to that class of commands which are termed inefficacious, and though, like all God's commands, it is accompanied by sufficient grace, it is not commonly accompanied by that abundant grace which would infallibly make it efficacious, for this latter grace is a special privilege. The sufficient grace which accompanies the command, would produce the fulfilment of the command, if man on his side were to make that supreme effort which is demanded of him; but the effort is not made, and so the result desired by God when He gives the command is not attained.

We have now reached the second part of the question that we are examining. So far we have been considering the command itself, or the act by which the command is given; we have now to look at the thing which is commanded. We have seen that it is opposed alike to the wisdom and justice of God to demand from any creature an effort beyond those powers which the creature has received from God, an effort which it is physically impossible for the creature to make. At the same time we are informed by the Council of Trent that the command to avoid all venial sins through life is one which, without special privilege, it is impossible to obey. The impossibility here spoken of cannot be physical, consequently, it must be a moral impossibility.

To the expression, a "moral impossibility," a certain ambiguity of meaning attaches. In its primary sense, as we can see in the words themselves, it signifies something which is opposed to human habits, an event which cannot be accomplished owing to the fact that it is opposed to men's way of acting. Besides this strict sense, there is also a broader one in

which the expression is often used. Thus a physician, in speaking of a patient in the hospital, a lawyer alluding to some case which is being heard in court, may say respectively that the recovery of the sick man, the gaining of the suit by the plaintiff, is morally impossible, when they desire to convey that the event of which they speak, though not absolutely impossible, is so improbable, that no reasonable hope of it can be entertained. This use of the expression is figurative. By an hyperbole what is highly improbable is declared to be impossible. In which of these two senses, the strict or the figurative one, are we to understand the words of the Council?

To assert that the words should be taken in a merely figurative sense, and thus to limit their natural and primary meaning, would be to take an unwarrantable liberty with the declaration of the Council. The literal sense is the one in which we must take its words.

The moral impossibility, then, which we have to consider is something which is opposed to a universal habit of mankind. To sin is a habit as regards the race, because it is a way in which the race constantly acts, though it may not be a habit as regards the individual, for perhaps he may only sin once. In the case before us, that which is impossible is the avoidance of all sin; the universal habit, which furnishes the reason of this impossibility, is that way of acting which is common to every man; for every man commits at least one sin, whether venial or mortal, during the course of his life. For a habit to be so general as to extend to the entire race, it must rest upon some strong motive; there must be some great difficulty in acting differently, or surely some individual would have acted differently. Thus in the impossibility we have two things to examine. We have to consider the universal habit, which once established, constitutes the impossibility, and we have also to consider the motive of that habit. The universal habit is not established until every man, from Adam down to the end of the world, has committed his first sin, or at least until the commission of the first sin of each man is foreseen by God.

In reality all the Divine acts are simultaneous, for succession can only be the result of change, and change necessarily denotes imperfection. Now we know that in God there is no imperfection. Still, though all His acts are simultaneous, they are connected with events succeeding one another in time, with the events of the world and with the affairs of men. When con-

sidering God's acts in this connection, it is necessary to think of them in relation to time, and to speak of them as having been performed before or after certain human events, for the mind is unable in any other way to conceive the relation existing between these eternal acts and the events occurring in time. This is why we have to speak of God as foreseeing the first sin of each man, though the priority of time expressed by the word "foreseeing," does not strictly belong to His action.

As soon, then, as the first sin of each man is foreseen by God, the universal habit which we are considering is established. The sins when foreseen by God, though they are still in the future, are certain to be committed. Thus the foreknowledge of them by God suffices to establish the habit. But besides the habit itself, we have also to consider the motive on which the habit is founded, the difficulty which constitutes the reason, why all men recoil from the effort demanded of them for the avoidance of all sin.

The difficulty of avoiding all sin throughout life can be illustrated by supposing a man to be drawing a bucket of water from a deep well by means of a rope and windlass. The bucket is so heavy, that if the man does not put forth his utmost strength, he is unable to turn the crank ; should he relax this constant effort for a single instant, the bucket would begin to descend. We must suppose, and this is essential to our purpose, that the effort required is never physically impossible, that it is always just within the utmost limit of his strength. But even granting this, it would be extremely difficult to sustain such an effort for a considerable time, say for ten or twelve hours, never knowing when the moment was to come when relief might be expected.

If, tired out by the long exertion, he at length relaxes his effort for a moment, it cannot be said that he has done so because he was unable to continue, for his physical strength was not exhausted. At the moment when he relaxed his effort, he could, had he chosen, have continued his exertion ; thus the momentary relaxation was a voluntary act. And the same could be said of any other single moment during the whole period of his work. There is no particular moment at which he is compelled to stop. When he does stop his freedom is not constrained, but his patience and endurance are at fault. Yet in spite of this freedom and physical ability to continue, the strain upon the endurance is so great, that no man, probably, would

continue for a very long time to put forth his whole strength, without a moment's intermission, more especially if he could not look forward to some definite time when his labour should cease, and when he could obtain some well-earned repose.

This example gives some idea of the difficulty of avoiding all sin for a very long space of time. The difficulty of the task consists, in each case, in making a great and prolonged exertion. Let us examine more in detail the exertion needed for the avoidance of all sin. Many of the objects forbidden by God's law are objects to which the lower part of man's nature, if left to itself, is very strongly inclined. Thus, for instance, the use of food and sleep, by which we support life and strength, is good so long as it is directed to the end for which it was intended. Nature requires to be supported by these objects, and it is ordained that the objects should give some gratification to the senses, so that nature may the more surely receive her due. But to make the satisfaction of this animal desire the one motive for tasting food or sleep, to the exclusion of all other motives, would be a perversion of the right order of things ; what is intended to be merely a means to a certain end, would then be made an end in itself. If the food or sleep taken be manifestly superfluous or detrimental, the gratification of the senses can be the only motive for the action, and in such case the action cannot be altogether free from sin. But what is true of food and sleep is no less true of the numberless objects that surround us. We are compelled to use them, and at the same time to keep a tight hold upon that desire which this very use of them excites.

It is by the reason that we have to decide when, and how far, these objects can be advantageously used ; the will, informed by the reason, should then direct and restrain the other powers in using them. The desires of the lower part of man, of his animal nature, are ever on the alert, ready to seize upon any object which can minister to their own gratification ; while, at the same time, it is the duty of the reason and will, the chief faculties of his soul, to repress these turbulent desires and to hold them in check. Thus in every man there is a constant strife between the higher and lower parts of his nature ; the one is ever on the watch, ready at any moment to break out into open revolt ; the other should be always engaged either in repressing these revolts, or in holding itself in constant readiness to repress them. It is this close vigilance, and these ever-

recurring struggles, that constitute a great part of the labour required for the avoidance of all sin.

Besides the mere labour of the exertion, there is another difficulty accompanying it. At the moment that the will is struggling to repress some motion of the lower nature towards one object, another object suddenly presents itself, either to the imagination or to the senses themselves, and at the same moment excites a desire in the sense corresponding to the object. The will, thus unexpectedly attacked from a second quarter, when it was already busily engaged elsewhere, is taken at a disadvantage. It is true that it always has the power to resist; but the chance that it will use that power is greatly diminished when it is thus unexpectedly attacked on two sides at once. The attention is no longer concentrated upon the resistance to a single object, and the resistance to the first object is proportionately weakened. For an instant a half-unwilling consent is extorted, and this suffices to constitute a semi-deliberate sin.

This struggle of the upper part of man's nature to repel the attacks of the lower part, is not the only struggle in which it must engage. The purely spiritual part of man may be attacked directly, as well as indirectly, or through the sensual desires. Thus, for instance, thoughts of ambition or pride may rise in the mind. It was by pride that Lucifer, whose nature is purely spiritual, was attacked and overthrown.

The constant vigilance and self-control required to overcome these various difficulties must be very great. The difficulties are further increased by the uncertainty of human life, for no one can look forward to a definite moment when the struggle is to cease. Still it is never physically impossible to overcome these difficulties. A person amidst them, like the man drawing water at the well, is always furnished with strength sufficient for the task of the moment; thus he is never compelled to yield; if he yields, he does so voluntarily. Resistance, however difficult, is never physically impossible. No constraint is placed upon his freedom, but his endurance is severely tested, and it is owing to want of endurance that he finally gives way. It is the unceasing vigilance and ever-recurring struggles that at length exhaust his patience. His determination is not sufficient to overcome the whole series of trials, though it would suffice to overcome any single one of the series. And here is the reason why the particular act by which he yields has the character of a volun-

tary act, a quality without which there could be no sinfulness in the act.

So far in examining the moral impossibility of avoiding all sin, we have been looking at the fact that it is the universal habit of the human race not to avoid sin through the whole of life ; and we have seen that the reason which leads them to act in this way is the great difficulty they find in constant struggles and unremitting vigilance. The two facts are distinct.¹ Let us examine, a little more in detail, the means by which we come to the knowledge of each of them.

Every one knows, both by his experience of himself and his observation of others, how great the difficulty is of making a long and protracted effort. When taken with all the circumstances that we have been just considering, he might fairly conclude that no one would overcome the difficulty. But could he predict this with certainty? Individuals differ so much one from another, that we cannot assert with confidence that no man would ever be found to accomplish the task, which all before him had failed to accomplish. The knowledge of the difficulty alone does not afford sufficient grounds for a conclusion that shall be certain ; besides understanding the difficulty itself, we must also know whether it is the habit of the whole human race to refuse to make the effort required to overcome such a difficulty. Clearly such knowledge as this, comprising as it does an acquaintance with the secrets of the hearts of all men, both those of the present time, and those of past and future ages, is beyond the reach of any human means ; if we are to know this, it must be by revelation from God.

Now we have the true doctrine upon this point, in the words of the Council of Trent in the 23rd canon of the Sixth Session. We are there told that this effort is one which it is impossible for men to make, and we have seen that by this is to be understood, morally impossible, in the strict sense of the words. It is by human experience that we understand the nature of the difficulty ; it is on Divine authority that we know that the difficulty, without a special privilege, is never overcome.

And here perhaps it may be said : if God foresees and declares to us what will take place, His declaration cannot be falsified by the event ; to suppose His Word falsified would involve an inherent contradiction, the combination of falsehood with Truth itself ; thus the impossibility for future generations

¹ Mazzella, *De Gratia*, n. 354.

to avoid sin would appear to be, not moral, but that which is termed metaphysical. It would seem to be an impossibility constraining their liberty, and not one which leaves their liberty unimpaired.

Let us examine this objection. The events foreseen by God in this instance, and which form the matter of His declaration to us, are the first sin, whether venial or mortal, committed by each man. When the first sin of the last of the human race is foreseen, God can affirm positively that it is in opposition to the universal habit of mankind to avoid all sin, and consequently, that it is morally impossible for any individual to do so. The nature of the impossibility is to be determined by its cause, by that from which it arises. The impossibility, or what is the same thing, the universal habit, arises from a want of determination on the part of man, not from God's foreknowledge of the event, for this foreknowledge, though it precedes the event, is the effect, not the cause of that event.

To illustrate this take the example of a sailor, who standing upon an eminence near the shore, descries a vessel upon the horizon. Adjusting his glass, he watches her movements as she approaches land. Suddenly he remarks to a companion beside him : " She is signalling for a pilot." Will it be said that the action of the sailor who is watching the vessel, and who makes this announcement to his companion, is the cause of those on board making this signal ?

So too with God. Like the sailor upon the shore looking across the broad expanse of water, God looks forth into the future, and notes the various events happening there. Some of these events depend upon the actions of free causes, of men ; while some, again, depend entirely on causes which are not free. These latter are determined by God's will ; but the former are not determined by His will. They are determined by man's will, and God merely observes what takes place. It is true that, unlike the sailor observing the vessel, God observes events which are still in the future, but His mere observation does not affect those events. On the contrary, it is the events which determine His knowledge. Man's free will decides one way or another, and God's foreknowledge is in accordance with that free decision of man. That is why, in answer to the objection raised, we can say that God's foreknowledge of man's free action is the effect and not the cause of that free action.

Let us now return to the difficulty which we were con-

sidering, the inherent difficulty of avoiding all sin. As yet we have not traced the difficulty to its primary source. We have seen that it springs immediately from a certain want of resolution and weakness in man, but what is the source of this weakness? Has it always afflicted man, or was he at one time free from it? If he was once free from it, to what is his present thralldom due?

St. Thomas, speaking of this question of the avoidance of sin, gives us the information that we are seeking.¹ He says that man, in his state of original innocence, could avoid all sin, both venial and mortal, but that since the Fall he is unable to do so. Adam, before his fall and expulsion from Paradise, possessed several gifts not due to man; the chief among these gifts were immortality, integrity, and sanctifying grace. Sanctifying grace has been restored, but the two former gifts have been lost to the human race; they have been succeeded by mortality and concupiscence. As regards the avoidance of sin, it is integrity and concupiscence which respectively mark the state of man before and after the Fall.

Integrity consists in the absence of strife between the spiritual part of man and his animal nature; it consists in the undivided empire of the reason and will over the lower faculties. Concupiscence, on the other hand, is seen in the rebellion of the animal desires against the reason and will. Although not always in the act of rebellion, these animal desires are always ready to rebel. They are ever on the alert, ready to seize on any attractive sensible object that comes before them. When in the presence of one of these objects, the animal desires, without waiting for the decision of the reason, or the command of the will, at once become excited, and strive to possess themselves of the coveted object. It is this act of forestalling the decision of the upper faculties, and of even struggling against it after it has been passed, that constitutes the rebellion of concupiscence.

When a hare is suddenly started in a field in front of a couple of greyhounds that a boy is holding in a leash, the dogs strain forward and struggle to get free. They do not wait for a word from the boy, the mere sight of the animal is sufficient to arouse them, and while it remains in sight, they continue to struggle. And even after the hare has disappeared from view, they are still eager and watchful, not actually struggling, but

¹ *Summa Theologica*, 1a. 2æ. q. 109, a. 8.

ready at any moment to make a new attempt to escape, if anything should again arouse them. The revolt of the passions is like the action of the dogs; like the dogs they strive to break loose while the object that excites them is present, and only cease to struggle as it disappears, when they relapse into a state of eager watchfulness. If we could imagine the greyhounds under perfect control, neither stirring nor showing excitement, but ready at a word to start in chase of the hare, ready to put forth their whole speed, or just that amount of speed which might be demanded of them, ready to stop and return on the instant when recalled, we should have a picture of that control over the passions which Adam possessed before the Fall. It is this control, and the absence of it, that respectively characterize the states of integrity and concupiscence.

But the animal nature of man, besides desires, has also its aversions. Just as it desires those things that are pleasing to the senses, it shrinks from others that are painful to them. This aversion is an unreasonable fear of certain displeasing objects. Fear is unreasonable when it induces a person to reject some unpleasant object, though the object is accompanied by a good which more than counterbalances the evil. Such would be the fear that a sick man might have of some remedy if it induced him to reject the remedy, though the pain or inconvenience likely to be caused by it would be slight when compared to the advantage of being restored to health. As the animal desires, so too the animal shrinking, was subject, when man possessed integrity, to the control of the reason and will.

And not only were the lower parts of human nature, the animal passions, more amenable to restraint, but the higher parts also were stronger and more capable of exercising that restraint. Thus in the Fall a double wound was inflicted on human nature.¹ As we have seen, these higher faculties which should govern the passions, are the reason and will; to the reason belongs the judicial office of interpreting and applying the moral law, to the will is assigned the executive task of enforcing it.

Man before yielding to original sin and thus rendering himself subject to concupiscence, was able both physically and morally to avoid all sin; but concupiscence has so much disturbed the physical powers that the task which before was comparatively easy has now become extremely difficult. This

¹ St. Thomas, *1a. 2æ. q. 61, a. 2.*

difficulty is so great that no man, with ordinary grace alone, ever has, or ever will, overcome it ; the failure on the part of all men is declared to us by the inspired words of the Council of Trent, this failure consequently is the same as an accomplished fact, so that success is not possible.

Let us now see whether there is anything in this disposition of events which is opposed to God's justice. The justice of God in dealing with His creatures consists in His giving to each one those powers which it needs in order to maintain that position in the universe in which He has placed it. God's manner of dealing with free agents and those which are not free, is, as we have seen, different, but His justice in both cases is the same.

Thus, from each of the heavenly bodies God demands a certain series of actions ; it is to move at a certain speed in the path traced out for it, it is to exert attraction upon other bodies. To enable it to perform these actions, God endows it with the precise amount of force needed to produce the required result. There can be no waste of force, because the body is not a free agent, capable at pleasure of putting forth or withholding the strength with which it is endowed. Thus it receives that which is necessary to preserve it in the position marked out for it by God, and this it is which constitutes the justice of God regarding it.

But the quality of God's justice is ever the same in dealing with the various classes of His creatures, whether they are voluntary agents, or whether they are governed by the blind forces of their own natures.¹ To all He gives force and strength sufficient to carry out that which is required of them. But to man He gave more than justice demanded. He gave him not only the physical power needed to enable him to obey the commands laid upon him, but in order to make the task easy, He gave him more physical power than was actually needed. This excess of power was a free gift which could be withdrawn without injustice, and, owing to the sin of Adam, a portion of it was withdrawn. Owing to the withdrawal of some of this superabundant strength, the observance of the whole of God's law is now morally impossible, that is to say, so difficult, that although each man has the physical power needed to observe it all, no one without special privilege ever has observed or ever will observe it in its integrity.

Thus we see clearly what it is that God's justice demands of

¹ *Summa Theologica*, Ia. q. 21, a. 1.

Him. It demands that He give to each one of His creatures that amount of strength that the creature needs to carry out His will regarding it. His justice demands that He give the necessary strength, but it demands no more. To withhold the necessary strength would be to make the execution of His will physically impossible ; it would be to desire, and at the same time prevent the execution of His own desire, a manner of acting, which would be opposed, not to justice only, but to wisdom also. To suppose God to act in this way would be to suppose something which is incompatible with His very nature.

But the moral impossibility is, as we have seen, something entirely different. It arises not from any insufficiency in the strength given to man, but from the use which man makes of that strength. All men make an imperfect use of this strength ; this suffices to establish a universal habit ; the habit, from the very fact that it is universal, that it includes all men, makes it impossible for any individual to act in opposition to the habit, that is, it makes the avoidance of all venial sin morally impossible.

A Catholic Soldier.

IN these latter days we have many evidences to show that Catholicism has lost none of its old power over the human soul. Catholic faith and Catholic morality are held fast and maintained by men and women under circumstances which to a Catholic of the middle ages would have seemed almost impossible. In the present notice it is proposed to offer a short note of one such life—the life of one who amid almost every possible peril, lived and died a faithful son of the Church.

Francis W. Dawson was born in London, May 17, 1840. His family name was Reeks, but in accepting a command in the army of the South he assumed that of Dawson, which he bore until his death. As a boy he displayed signs of the characteristics that distinguished his after-life. He was a devout Catholic, and for several years served the daily Mass at Warwick Street Chapel. He had also marked literary talent, and is said to have been the author of several plays which were played at one of the London theatres. As he grew to manhood he became interested in American politics, and at the outbreak of the Civil War he determined to join the Southern forces. Like many other Catholics of his time, he had, to use his own words, "a sincere sympathy with the Southern people in their struggle for independence, and felt that it would be a pleasant thing to help them to secure their freedom." He started from Southampton, having obtained a position as seaman before the mast on board the Confederate steamer *Nashville*. The Federal steamer *Tuscarora* was in Southampton at the time, but the British authorities had announced that neither vessel would be allowed to leave within twenty-four hours of the other, and as the *Nashville* left Southampton the crew could see the British frigate *Shannon* lying prepared for action alongside the Northern cruiser. In an autobiographical work, entitled *Reminiscences of Confederate Service*, Captain Dawson gives some amusing details of his voyage. On the voyage the *Nashville* overhauled and

captured a Northern schooner, the *Robert Gilfillan*. Her master was at first under the impression that his visitors were Northern officers, and his feelings when he discovered the mistake were more easily imagined than described. After a narrow escape from capture by a Federal cruiser, the *Nashville* got safely into Morehead city. This was the last achievement of the *Nashville*, for some time afterwards, while lying in the Savannah river, she was set on fire by the shells of a Federal gunboat and totally destroyed. After a short service in the Southern navy, Dawson grew impatient for action and joined the land army of the Confederates. He took part in the battle of Mechanicsville, working with the artillery. How fierce the struggle was may be inferred from the fact that out of seventy-five men attached to Dawson's battery, four were killed and forty-three wounded, among the latter being Dawson. While in hospital he found that the ladies who visited the hospitals were rather partial in their attentions.

There were pet patients wherever the ladies were allowed to go. A very good illustration is given in a paragraph showing the experience of an interesting wounded soldier who had dark eyes and a darling moustache, and a generally romantic aspect. A young lady said to him: "Is there not anything I can do for you?" Wearily the soldier said: "Nothing, I thank you." Not to be baffled, the young lady said: "Do let me do something for you, will you let me wash your face for you?" The sad response of the soldier was: "Well, if you want to right bad, I reckon you must; but that will make seven times that my face has been washed this evening."

Appointed first lieutenant of artillery, Dawson went forward to join Longstreet's army. While conducting an ordnance train to Williamsport, his party was captured by a body of Federal cavalry and conveyed to Camp Curtin. He seems to have been kindly treated by the Federal authorities, but having had the ill-luck to go to a music-hall with a Federal officer who was rather noisy and quarrelsome, his appearance and his companion's insolence provoked a riot, in which Dawson narrowly escaped being knifed. The prisoner was soon after transferred to Delaware, where he seems to have undergone a good deal of hardship. He was confined with a number of other Confederate officers in a room which soon became painfully crowded.

No exercise of any kind was permitted to us, and we only left the room to march down into mess-hall. For breakfast we had a cup of

poor coffee without milk or sugar, and two small pieces of bad bread. For dinner we had a cup of greasy water misnamed soup, a piece of beef two inches square and a half-inch thick, and two slices of bread. At supper the fare was the same as at breakfast.

On the 6th of October, after three weeks' imprisonment, which "seemed an eternity," Lieutenant Dawson was released by exchange of prisoners and went to Richmond. He took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. He escaped unhurt from the fighting, but in the morning made the disagreeable discovery that his uniform coat had been eaten during the night by a hungry mule: a serious loss when the difficulty of obtaining a fresh outfit is considered. At that time the scale of prices in the South was ruinous: shoes, £6 a pair; calico shirts, £2 10s.; butter, 8s. a pound; matches, 2s. to 3s. a box; writing paper, 8s. a quire. When the hardships endured by the Southern people during the war are realized, the misery and privation, the ruin of industry, the slaughter of husband and father and brother, it is impossible, even for those who disapprove of their principles, to withhold a tribute of admiration for the splendid courage and endurance displayed by a people who for three-quarters of a century had had no experience of war. General Lee seems to have inspired profound confidence and devotion among his men. In fact one ultra-pious old lady warned a Confederate officer that he would be defeated, "Because," said this member of the "devout female sex," "you put your trust in General Lee and not in the Lord Almighty."

After the close of the war Captain Dawson obtained parole, and in 1867 was received upon his own "declaration of intention" a citizen of the United States. He had fought with cheery courage as long as fighting was possible, and now like so many others, he settled down to the pursuits of the place with the same versatile energy which we generally regard as characteristic of Americans. A genuine Yankee has a feline capacity for falling on his feet wherever he may be thrown. The ease with which the Northern army was absorbed by the various industries of the States after the war is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern history. Dawson transferred his energies from sword to pen. He got an appointment at £5 a week on the *Richmond Examiner*. The paper was however suppressed. After various vicissitudes, Captain Dawson, in conjunction with a gentleman named Riordan, purchased a paper, the *Charleston News*, which, mainly through Dawson's skill and

capacity, attained to a leading place in the American Press. At the time of the purchase, however, the *News* was in anything but a flourishing condition. He had, however, the elements of success within him, energy, versatility, high principle, and determination. Moreover, during the war he had won the respect of both parties. In a letter his commanding officer speaks of him as one "who by his faithfulness, activity, and courage added no little to the cause which he has adopted, and won for himself a name which will long be respected where honour and courage are recognized." The *News*, with which was afterwards incorporated the *Courier*, speedily attained a high position among the journals of the South.

Although Captain Dawson had fought in the Southern cause, he was nevertheless, as befitted a loyal son of the Catholic Church, opposed to slavery. In 1868 he exerted his influence, though without success, to secure for the negroes a share in the municipal government of Charleston. The attempt failed; but it is noteworthy that the first political meeting ever held at Charleston in which Democrats and coloured men worked together was organized by Captain Dawson. In 1870 he devoted his energies to the establishment of a Press Association, and eventually succeeded, and was selected as one of the Vice-Presidents. An American critic speaks of him as "one of the most accomplished of gentlemen, a ready writer, an eloquent speaker, a zealous and conscientious politician, a man of letters, of mettle, and of morals." His moral courage was unquestionable. Few men were more utterly fearless of censure and attack when a question of conscience was at stake. He was the first to lead the crusade against duelling, at one time deplorably prevalent in the South. In his earlier years he had indeed on one or two occasions accepted a challenge, but in his fuller manhood he set his face "as a flint" against the practice. To a challenge from the editor of a rival paper Dawson replied that "being a Roman Catholic, he would under no circumstances accept a challenge or fight a duel." He was largely instrumental in the change of public opinion which eventually led to legislation "making duelling murder, and requiring every public officer in the State to take a special oath not to send or accept a challenge." Captain Dawson's exertions in this matter were brought under the notice of the Holy See through the good offices of the Bishop of Southwark, with the result that Leo the Thirteenth bestowed upon the

champion of Catholic morality the dignity of a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The Papal Brief explicitly states Captain Dawson's opposition to duelling as the cause of the unusual honour :

It is pleasing to Us to adorn with splendid titles and to bestow Our Pontifical goodwill upon men conspicuous for excellence of talent and renown of learning, which they employ in vigorously defending the teaching and rights of the Catholic Church. Therefore as it has been announced to Us that you, conspicuous in talent and excelling in the best gifts, have defended the doctrines of the Catholic Church in South Carolina and the United States, and that you have bravely and victoriously attacked the duel which has in those regions been practised to a deplorable extent, and that you have jealously promoted undertakings of singular piety and benevolence, We have determined to bestow upon you the dignity of Knighthood.

The Papal action in the matter seems to have been regarded in America with general satisfaction. One journal spoke of it as "a distinguished recognition of the position and influence of the American Press." A leading Philadelphia paper expressed an opinion that it would "have its influence to make duelling as odious at the South as it is in the North."

His determined stand against duelling was, however, only one of the many proofs which this modern knight-errant gave of his devotion to Catholic interests. A Protestant critic, who knew him well, says :

In all the relations that existed between Captain Dawson and myself, I always found him the most honourable man I could name. He exemplified in his life a liberty of conscience for all men, while at the same time he professed and acted in himself the most rigid doctrine of faith and morality. I was always impressed with his gentlemanly intercourse with others. He practised his religion strictly, perhaps more strictly than the opinion of the world gave him credit for ; and whatever tended to morality, charity, and religious belief, these always had his aid and assistance.

There can be little doubt that Captain Dawson would have attained to a high place among American statesmen, but his brilliant career was untimely terminated by the hand of the assassin. On the 12th of March in the present year, he was brutally murdered by a man from whose evil influence Captain Dawson was endeavouring to rescue a young girl whose honour was in peril. He had for some time previous had a conviction that his life was soon to end. His wife, writing just after the murder, says :

Since last summer all that he has said and all that he has done has been in view of sudden death, and that neither he himself, nor his family nor his friends, might suffer from the unexpected cause. With the dawn of this year, by God's mercy, great peace and joyousness came to him. . . . I so thank God that his peace began in this world for him.

Those who knew Captain Dawson's fearless confession of the faith—for he was an uncompromising Catholic—and his fidelity to the Divine law, will rejoice in the assurance that the peace so begun in this world was destined to be an eternal one. The news of his death evoked a display of sorrow and indignation which in itself is the best monument to the talents and virtues of this soldier journalist. The whole city of Charleston may be said to have gone into mourning, and on the day of the funeral business was suspended. Tributes of sympathy and respect poured in from quarters which could least be suspected of sympathy with Catholicism. The Merchants' Exchange of Charleston adopted an address, in which they said :

No sublimer testimonial to the intrinsic worth and unquestioned merit of our departed friend could be furnished than the overflowing grief which was so impressively manifested by all sexes, classes, and conditions of society in the midst of us. It was certainly a signal tribute to his exalted character as a hero, scholar, statesman, patriot, and courtly gentleman, that although of foreign birth and without a relative in this country, yet he had so favourably impressed himself upon his times and people as a man of rare genius as to secure the homage of a multitude in this city and elsewhere throughout this broad land, including those holding the highest Federal and State offices.

The lesson of Captain Dawson's life is one that stands broad and clear ; the same lesson preached years ago by the great English Cardinal, that the best way to overcome anti-Catholic prejudice and calumny is to lead Catholic lives. The man who, with a view to conciliate, said that he was not quite a Protestant but he was a very bad Catholic, represents a class too numerous, who think that they gain ground with Protestants by reducing their own faith and practice as Catholics to a minimum. In the long run honesty is the best policy, in this, as in all matters, and the man who faithfully follows the teaching of the Church will, unless he be sadly wanting in discretion, secure the confidence and goodwill even of those who are without the fold.

Reviews.

I.—THE SACRED HEART.¹

WE have received the initial number of the organ of a society which has been established in France, with a central office at Paray-le-Monial, for the purpose of bringing about the official reconstitution of Christendom. It is no pessimism to assert that the governments of the Christian nations of Europe, conducted as they are by Jews and Freemasons, are no longer Christian (in France Christianity is actually persecuted), while those people remain Christian and Catholic. It is proposed to restore the Kingdom of Jesus Christ by the consecration of individuals, social groups and nations, to the Sacred Heart, and to seal their homage to Jesus Christ by an oath of fidelity to His interests.

On June 17, 1689, Louis the Fourteenth was on the point of sacrificing the interests of the Church and of adopting the symbol of the sun (to signify that France was the "light of the world"), which symbol still figures in the royal arms of France. On that day our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque and directed her to write to the King, and tell him that France was consecrated to Him (Jesus Christ) and that He desired to reign there, that the King was to adopt the symbol of His Sacred Heart, and have it engraved upon the royal arms and the standards of France, in order that France might be victorious over her enemies and triumph over the enemies of the Church. On the 17th of June the Saint wrote this revelation of our Lord's will to the King, and on the 20th the King received, and rejected, the counsel. On June 17, 1789, (the coincidence of the dates, day by day, is remarkable) the "Three Estates" made their first act of insubordination and

¹ *L'Institut des Fêtes du Sacré-Cœur.* 1er cahier, 1889, 1re année. Paray-le-Monial, 1889.

revolt by forming themselves into the "Constituent Assembly," and on the 20th of the same month the oath in the tennis-court was taken, and the Revolution was declared triumphant and the dynasty abolished.

France has been punished by a century of anarchy, and is now drinking the dregs of bitter and utter humiliation. But what will happen in June, 1889, the centenary of the Revolution? Society stands *in re trepidâ*, and thoughtful men are everywhere foreboding a convulsion. Side by side in Paris have arisen the Eiffel Tower of Babel, and the votive Church of the Sacred Heart, the sin-offering of a penitent nation. "In France," the saying is, "the unexpected and the impossible is always what comes to pass." The 20th of June, the feast of Corpus Christi, will see vast pilgrimages organized to the votive churches of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre and in Rome, and to other sanctuaries of the Sacred Heart. The Institute of the Sacred Heart is no "secret society," but openly avows its purpose. It has already organized branch societies throughout France and Italy, in Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Chili, and Ecuador; and these are daily being extended to other countries. It aims at restoring the Kingdom of Christ in France and throughout the world, at restoring the temporal power to the Pope, and leading the Christian peoples everywhere to demand a Christian Government. We can only say, in the words of Hamlet, "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished for."

2.—WHAT ARE THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS?¹

Mr. Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims* certainly did require a formal reply. Readers may perhaps remember the circumstances of its appearance last year, or rather its re-appearance in a revised edition, for it had originally been published some years previously. The re-appearance was understood to be largely motived by the wide interest taken in Mr. Luke Rivington's *Authority*. To this latter book, *Roman Catholic Claims* was to be the quasi-authoritative Ritualist reply. For this reason it was desirable that it should not be left without

¹ *What are the Catholic Claims?* By the Rev. Austin Richardson, late Professor of the Institut St. Louis, Brussels. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Luke Rivington. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1889.

a rejoinder from the Catholic side, and the desirability was still greater as Mr. Gore made a venture which Anglicans generally shrink from, and attempted to be constructive on behalf of their position. Father Austin Richardson has undertaken the duty, and Mr. Luke Rivington writes a Preface accepting the book in part discharge of any obligation to reply which might seem to lie upon himself, he being engaged with another work going more into detail and therefore dealing with a more circumscribed portion of the controversial matter. Thus introduced by one who is well known to them, may we venture to hope that the book will come under the notice of the many earnest Anglicans who are exercised by the difficulties of their present position, and are turning towards the Catholic Church to know whether it has not been misrepresented, and whether after all it is not the true home of Truth.

Father Richardson found himself faced by the usual dilemma of one in his position. Should he undertake to meet every point in his adversary's attack, and thereby render his book bulky and uninviting, or should he make a selection and bring down the size to reasonable dimensions? He has wisely chosen the latter alternative. If you wish to do good, you must treat it as a prime necessity not to repel the reader, who now-a-days is fastidious. The plan followed has been to devote a distinct chapter to each chapter of Mr. Gore's: even the names of the chapters correspond. Thus the central ideas are all handled, and it is only the more incidental which are passed over. Father Richardson has done his work very well. He has an effective way of putting his arguments, and he seems to know the moulds into which Anglican thought is wont to run.

In his endeavour to be constructive, Mr. Gore has naturally a hard task. The Anglican position, by seeking to combine the opposite methods, Catholicism and Protestantism, is involved in numerous inconsistencies. The only way to make such a system wear a presentable appearance is by having recourse to dexterous phrasing and plausible comparisons. In accomplishing this task Mr. Gore shows himself a master. But Father Richardson has a very happy knack of stripping off the disguise, and exhibiting the incongruity of the position in a few concise and lucid sentences. Thus Mr. Gore, adopting the old Tractarian phraseology, claims for his Church the position of a *via media*, a middle course, between Roman absolutism, which crushes human reason, and Protestant

private judgment which destroys all authority. He appeals to the course of ancient controversies concerning the great dogmas of theology, and to the manner in which the true doctrine ever pursued the *via media* between opinions which developed themselves by excessive deflexion to one side or the other. This last-mentioned comparison is quite in Anglican style, possessing just sufficient superficial resemblance to captivate minds which are interested in not probing deeper. But Father Richardson hits off the difference shortly in a few words. "Mr. Gore is playing with words, when he compares the *via media* of the Catholic Church keeping the mean between two opposed heresies, and the *via media* of High Churchmen keeping the mean between heresy and truth." He then reminds his opponent how the ancient Church, after tracing very exactly the *via media* of truth between Arianism, Nestorianism, and Monophysitism, in the Councils of Nicæa, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, resolutely refused to deflect one inch from it in deference to the Semi-Arians and Monothelites who sought to establish their *via media* between the defined truth and the condemned errors; how she "rather suffered all Christendom to be disturbed, emperors to persecute, to exile, and even to kill their bishops, their monks, and their people, rather than yield one hair's-breadth in the interests of toleration towards error." Referring again to another Anglican application of this inter-mediating character to itself, he asks, do we find anywhere among the Patristic conceptions "the idea of one branch of the Church which is to be the *via media* between two others, each of which are in error, and yet are orthodox and Catholic."

The claim of Anglicanism to be the *via media* leads to the notion so warmly received at the Church Congress of 1887, that their Church is providentially appointed to bring together the divided portions of Christendom; and Mr. Gore actually argues for the truth of his theory from the supposed success which has accompanied the carrying of the claims into practice. One naturally asks where is this success to be seen: to an uninitiated observer it would appear that hitherto nothing has been realized in the way of reunion save the expression of a few desires which are quite incapable of realization. However, Mr. Gore deserves to be heard. Referring to the Pan-Anglican Conferences of last year he says, "It is surely wonderful that in the conferences of Bishops of the Anglican communion in this year, a proposal which was made (if report speaks true) subversive of the principle of the

Apostolic Succession, should not have been able to get a hearing!" To which Father Richardson very neatly responds, "Surely wonderful! Now imagine a Catholic calling it wonderful that in a conference of Catholic Bishops, their Lordships refused even to discuss the question of the necessity of Episcopal Ordinations, or indeed of Bishops at all! . . . However, I see nothing wonderful. The contrary would have been a subject for surprise had the Pan-Anglican Fathers done what any orthodox assembly of Bishops was bound to do—dragged out the proposition into the light of day, and solemnly condemned it as grossly heretical—that *would* have been surely wonderful."

To place the Rule of Faith simultaneously in two such opposites as Authority and Private Judgment, is a problem to puzzle the wisest. One naturally searches through Mr. Gore's chapter for his definition of Authority. The search is vain. We read that "the authority of the Church is of a more secondary character than is sometimes supposed," "that she is not so much a living voice as a living witness to a voice once spoken;" all which appears to mean merely that her function is not that of an organ for the revelation of new truth, but that of a guardian of the deposit once received through the Apostles. No one denies it; but the effect of a few sentences like these is to convey the impression to an uninstructed reader that the (Roman) Catholic Church does affirm the Church to be the organ of new revelation. By this contrivance a good standing-ground is obtained for Anglicanism as identified with the obviously sounder doctrine. Next we are informed that "the strength of promulgation is centrality: the strength of witness is the consent of independent and distinct views!" This again is perfectly true and perfectly recognized, as far as it goes; but it abstains from indicating that the degree and value of consent among the witnesses is a matter of judgment, and that it is precisely the judgment which requires a central See to form and promulgate it with authority. The effect is to make the opposition which separates Catholics and Anglicans appear to lie between reliance on the witness of one Pope or of many Fathers, whereas it really lies between the recognition of an authoritative Pope or unauthoritative individuals as the proper judges concerning the nature and fulness of the witness rendered by many Fathers. Then finally we are carried off into the clouds and told that "submission to authority is the merging of our indi-

vidualism in the whole historic life of the great Christian Brotherhood: it is the making of ourselves one with the one religion in its most permanent and least merely local form." It would perhaps be truer to describe the sort of "submission" which Anglicans accord, as the merging in our individualism of the whole historic life of the Christian Brotherhood, but the effect of such a sentence is to produce an elevating sensation which is pleasant to feel. Father Richardson destroys the illusion very roughly by supplying the missing definition in these plain words: "Mr. Gore . . . means by authority the intellectual influence (ending in the consent of the mind) which the personal and individual discovery of the witness of Christian antiquity will exercise in the well disposed." Thus caught and fixed in a definition, this new-fangled submission to authority proves to be nothing more nor less than our old friend "Private Judgment" with a still more impossible field to exercise itself in: the poor and uneducated being left more hopelessly in the lurch than ever. Mr. Gore will not thank his critic either for bringing into prominence such a sentence as this, describing faith as "a basis of security in the strength of which it is probably good for every good Christian to feel a certain amount of hesitation." That is hardly the idea of the virtue one would naturally gather from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

One gratifying feature in the book before us is the courteous and cordial tone which pervades it. The author is sure that his opponent is actuated by the best intentions and does not allow himself to lapse into bitterness even in presence of certain ungenerous imputations of bad faith in which Mr. Gore has sought to involve Catholic controversialists generally. He does not even take advantage of the many opportunities which *Roman Catholic Claims* offered him for an effective retort. Father Richardson is right, and there is at all events this to be said on behalf of Mr. Gore, that, as Father Richardson testifies, "he has no sympathy with Dr. Littledale or with *Plain Reasons* (I have the best reasons for knowing it)." This dislike for the man who can pose as a High Churchman and yet write *Plain Reasons* is widely prevalent among Anglicans. We ought to bear the fact in mind and not identify the party with one unscrupulous member of it.

3.—DEPENDENCE.¹

In addition to the Preface which he prefixes to the work of Father Richardson's just noticed, Mr. Luke Rivington provides us with a book of his own. His purpose is to call attention to the insecurities of the defences on which Anglicanism depends, whence its name of *Dependence*; a name which does not appear to be as self-explanatory as one would desire in a title. Two chapters—one on the Council of Jerusalem, the other on the Decline of Dogma among the High Church Party—are referred to in the Preface as concerned with the matters which primarily move the author to write. An influential Anglican clergyman had written a pamphlet called *A Reason for distrusting Mr. Rivington's Appeal to the Fathers*. It dealt with a passage from St. Chrysostom on the Council of Jerusalem, which as it is rendered in the Anglican translation of the Fathers, is made by a little turn of expression to say that St. James, not St. Peter, presided on that occasion. Mr. Rivington had animadverted on the Anglican rendering as a misrepresentation of the Saint, and his censor takes him up for it in a criticism of great length. To all the points of this criticism, Mr. Rivington now replies in detail. The discussion is one which will not be of much general interest, one too which, without having the opposing pamphlet to compare with, it will be hardly possible to follow. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Rivington has won a complete victory, and we can say this with the more impartiality, as, till we read what he has to say, we were disposed to agree with the view of his opponent.

The ninth chapter, the other of the two on which the author lays primary stress, is one of more general interest, and has a particular interest for THE MONTH. In his *Authority*, Mr. Rivington had animadverted on the tendency which has recently begun to show itself in the High Church ranks, to drift into "broad" views concerning doctrines hitherto considered to be of fundamental importance; and he instanced the doctrine of the Eternity of Punishment. The *Church Quarterly Review* did not deny the fact, but asked if Mr. Rivington "had really studied the question in connexion with the history of the communion which he had joined." The reviewer then went on to cite what he considered indications of "wavering on the

¹ *Dependence*; or, *The Insecurities of the Anglican Defence*. By the Rev. Luke Rivington. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1889.

subject of Hell" among modern Catholic writers. The waverers turn out to be M. Nicolas, the Abbé le Noir, in Migne's *Encyclopédie Théologique*, and—THE MONTH! It is a mare's nest, of course, and Mr. Rivington has no difficulty in showing it. Our own "wavering" seems to have consisted in distinguishing between the question of doctrine and that of fact. We pointed out, (1) that there can be no mortal sin—the only kind which merits eternal punishment—without consciousness that it is mortal: and (2) that speculation as to the number of apparent sinners who may have been without the necessary knowledge is untouched by the dogma, and therefore open to differences of opinion. If this distinction is found to remove a good portion of the difficulty by which modern minds are tried, we can only be too glad, but it involves no departure whatever from the unchanged teaching of the Catholic Church with reference to the dogma. If we understand Mr. Rivington rightly, the opinion which some theologians hold concerning the possibility of a gradual mitigation of the pains of Hell has also led the *Church Quarterly* astray. This was comparatively speaking a more natural mistake, that is, if the term "mitigation" was seized upon without further inquiry into its reference. It is worth while to explain. The case which theologians have in view is that of a man dying with the unforgiven guilt of venial and mortal sins combined. That the punishment for the mortal sins, which is the essential punishment, will continue through eternity without any mitigation whatever is not doubted by any theologian. But what about the punishment due to the venial sins? Had these not been conjoined with mortal, the soul would have suffered in Purgatory for a time only. Will it be the same in Hell, that is to say, will the secondary punishment due to the venial sins expire after a time, thereby causing a mitigation of the totality of suffering? The question is rather for theologians to sharpen their wits upon, than for any practical purpose. Mr. Rivington mentions some facts concerning the decay of belief in eternity of punishment among the High Church clergy which are very significant. It looks as if the tendency would develop and gradually eat away a good many of the doctrines now distinctive of their body, till they come to differ from the Broad Churchmen only in their use of ritual. Mr. Gore, for instance, as Father Richardson shows, has practically no belief in the Real Presence.

The two chapters on the Council of Chalcedon will be welcome. One would imagine the history of this Council would be exceedingly distasteful to assailants of the Papacy. It would scarcely be possible to obtain clearer evidence that the Pope's power was acknowledged and exercised in the East as much as in the West, at the very date when, according to Mr. Gore, the "Papal school" was only in its infancy. But on the other hand, the history of Chalcedon yields the so-called twenty-eighth canon which sought to raise the see of Constantinople to the second rank in the Church. The framers of the canon alleged that "the Fathers properly gave privileges to Old Rome because it was the Imperial City," and this qualification was now possessed by Constantinople. Such a canon offered a tempting morsel for the Anglican controversialists, who accordingly labour hard to persuade themselves that the unpalatable phenomena which accompany it can be explained away. In their ardour they fail to observe that the canon was drawn up by a minority of the Council, who waited their opportunity when two-thirds of the Fathers had left: that it is directed in no sense against the Apostolic See but against the sees of Alexandria and Antioch; that the words "the Fathers gave" can bear the comparatively innocent meaning that the original selection of Rome as a seat for the Petrine Primacy, was due to its Imperial quality, as indeed it no doubt was; that in any case they are not words which represent any emphatic contention on the part of the framers; that the canon was sent up to the Pope for confirmation accompanied with distinct acknowledgments of the Primacy; that when Leo condemned it his condemnation was submitted to, though reluctantly, both by Patriarch and Emperor; that, though brought forward at one or two subsequent Councils in the hopes of obtaining for it eventually the sanction of Rome, it was not incorporated into the Greek *Codex Canonum* till the days of Photius the schismatic. All these important facts, which no reader could gather, for instance, from *Roman Catholic Claims*, are supplied by Mr. Rivington; and together with them a similar rectification of the perverted account, current in Anglican quarters, of the relation of St. Leo to the dogmatic canons of the Council.

Other interesting points of Patristic history discussed are, the alleged fall of Liberius, which readers will perhaps conclude to have been too hastily answered; and the anathemas pronounced

in the Sixth Council and by Leo the Second on Pope Honorius. The character of Alexander the Sixth is also discussed in view of a favourite Anglican *Tu quoque*, which endeavours by animadverting on the moral character of this Pope to draw off attention from the character of Barlow and its bearings on the validity of Anglican Orders. Mr. Rivington has no difficulty in showing the irrelevance of the *Tu quoque*, and he is valiant enough to attempt not indeed a complete but a practical vindication of the character of Alexander.

We have only to express the hope that this little book may resemble its predecessor in doing some really good work.

4.—THE CASKET LETTERS.¹

In this little volume Mr. Henderson undertakes to discuss the credibility of the evidence which from time to time has been produced in support of the authenticity of the so-called "Casket Letters;" letters which are said to have been written by Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, she at the time being a married woman, and by her addressed to James, Earl of Bothwell, he at the time being a married man. The impression against the genuineness of these documents has for some time past been steadily gaining ground; but the whole inquiry, as Mr. Henderson well puts it, "has latterly been regarded by many as practically futile, the supposition being that no evidence is now obtainable adequate to justify a very definite conclusion on one side or the other." He himself does not coincide with that opinion, and in dissenting from it he holds that he is supported by "the discovery of the vital evidence contained in Morton's Declaration," which he here prints at full length, the historical accuracy of which he now endeavours to establish.

The paper to which our attention is here invited is of considerable moment, for it exercised a sensible influence upon the fortunes of the captive Queen. It was presented by the Earl of Morton himself to Secretary Cecil, and it professes to contain a detailed account of the way in which the letters and other papers said to have been written by Mary, came into the Earl's possession. Morton tells us that upon June 19, 1567, he caused to be apprehended in Edinburgh one George

¹ *The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots.* With Appendices. By T. F. Henderson. Edinburgh, 1889.

Dalgleish, in whose custody was found a casket, or box, "containing divers missive writings, sonnets, contracts, and obligations for marriage betwixt the Queen, mother of our sovereign Lord, [James the Sixth], and James, sometime Earl Bothwell." These are the papers which form the subject of the present inquiry; and the contention here raised by Mr. Henderson is that their pedigree is now traced and established beyond all doubt, and henceforth fixed upon a secure legal foundation. Morton's authentication of them led to their acceptance in the English Court of Law.

Before admitting them as genuine, some question might here be raised as to the character of the individual by whom this Declaration was produced. Morton had assisted in the murder of Riccio, and was accused of having taken part in the murder of Darnley. His whole career revealed a character which from the beginning was base, cruel, and treacherous, and he died by the hand of the public executioner. As to the document itself, the form in which it comes down to us lays it open to grave suspicion. The facts which it embodies rest solely upon Morton's own statement. It is unsupported by a single witness. Morton could not have ventured to produce it in any court of law, before any Judge in England or Scotland, save that in which Cecil's will was omnipotent. But it satisfied him and Elizabeth, and did the work for which it was produced.

There is no need, however, to urge any of these objections. We may admit the document as it stands without admitting the Queen's guilt. It does not follow that because Morton handed over a certain box to Cecil therefore all the documents contained in that box were genuine. His evidence at best merely goes to show that he affirmed that he produced the coffer and its contents just as they had come into his own hands; but we have no list of the papers which it contained, either when he received it in Edinburgh or when he parted with it in London. For sixteen months Morton had the coffer in his own uncontroverted possession, and could have dealt with it and its contents as he pleased. During the whole of that time he was on terms of the closest intimacy with Moray, Maitland, and the other enemies of the deposed Queen. Was it safe from prying eyes during the whole of that period? We should be glad to have some evidence upon the questions which here suggest themselves, but none was produced. The depositions of Hume and Kirkaldy which follow the Morton paper in Mr. Henderson's

volume have no connection with the subject. They relate to the year 1573, and we are at a loss to see why they are here introduced.

But we have not done with the Morton paper. We cannot but wish that Mr. Henderson, who is so fully convinced of its vital importance, had taken care to furnish his readers with a more accurate transcript of it. On comparing his printed text with the original we are sorry to encounter a formidable array of misreadings. Such a charge needs to be substantiated; however unwillingly therefore we adduce proof.

On the first page of the printed copy we are introduced to the Lord of Stirling, whereas in the original we find that "the laird of Skirling" is meant. In return, Bothwell is deprived of half his legal title of Orkney and Zetland, the latter portion being omitted. The not uncommon name of Cockburn is transformed into Cockburg. The *feet* of a bed in the original are here transformed into the *seat* of a bed. The unintelligible words, "ony lrts nor cōmdetes" should be read "uther lettres nor evidentes." And by a more serious blunder still, the well known *Archibald Douglas*—no obscure character in Scottish history—although he is mentioned as often as four times in less than as many pages, always appears as Mr. *Andrew Douglas*. It would not be difficult to add to the list, but the above specimens are sufficient to show the critical value of the original texts as they are represented in this publication.

The latter part of the volume consists of an edition of all the Casket Letters in the various forms in which they have come down to us; but in dealing with these several texts many questions arise which are here passed by unnoticed. Upon the whole then it would seem that the present volume is not calculated to produce any permanent impression upon the Marian controversy, which remains unaffected by the recent discovery of the Morton Declaration. We may conclude by citing the words of Malcolm Laing in his work upon a kindred subject¹—and we do not mean to do so in the spirit of unkindness: "It is the misfortune of this controversy to be perplexed by writers who accuse others of the most complicated and refined forgeries, when they are themselves deficient in common reflection and research."

¹ Laing's *History of Scotland*, ii. 1. Edinburgh, 1819.

5.—OLD ENGLISH CATHOLIC MISSIONS.¹

Mr. Orlebar Payne continues his labours in the useful field he has chosen. A short time since he gave us a volume on the English Catholics of 1715, and we now have a further proof of his diligence in the handsome volume before us. The print and paper are admirable, and the matter interesting to look through, and useful for future reference. It seems that in 1837, and again in 1857, an effort was made by the Registrar-General to induce the Catholic Bishops to deposit at Somerset House the ancient parochial registers of the Catholic missions through the country. The Bishops on both occasions refused, so that it is matter of surprise to find that in the autumn of 1840, seventy-eight old Catholic Mission Registers were forwarded by the clergy, and are now to be found at Somerset House. No one in search of an entry would think of looking there for the books, and the incumbents of the missions will probably derive from Mr. Payne's work the knowledge that some of their parish books are in the custody of the Registrar-General. These Mr. Payne analyzes and describes, and the information derived from them will often be a help towards a history of those missions. By far the greater part—70 out of 78—are from the old Northern District, and of these, 45 are from Yorkshire. To the account of the Registers thus kept at Somerset House, Mr. Payne has added copious extracts from three others—the parish books of Weston Underwood, Cheam, and Worcester. We wish that he had chanced to become acquainted with the very interesting old Register, preserved at Winchester. He would have found it worthy of complete transcription.

Mr. Payne's Preface is of general interest. It gives us some valuable contributions to the history of the Catholic religion in England in the eighteenth century; a period of which very little is known, and to which, fortunately, Mr. Payne specially directs his studies. It will be fresh to most of us to be told that "Mrs. Lingard, mother of the late historian, remembered when her family used to go in a cart at night to hear Mass, *the priest in a round frock, to resemble a poor man*. She died at Winchester, August 5, 1824, aged 92."

And, as late as 1793, Catholics returning from abroad, were

¹ *Old English Catholic Missions*. By John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1889.

warned by the *Catholic Directory*, that, by the Toleration Act of 1791, "the importer or receiver of such things as crosses, pictures, ladies' psalters, missals, rosaries, breviaries, &c., alike incurs a *Præmunire*."

6.—KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.¹

We are glad to see that this useful work has reached a second edition. In the words of the author his object has been by sweeping aside "sickly sentiment and special pleading, fond imagination and gross partiality," "to tell the plain truth at all hazards, let the consequences be what they may," with respect to a period of English history in which the old faith was overthrown at the hands of a minority, "by thieving, perjury, persecution, tyranny, and barbaric cruelty and injustice." This is strong language, but a perusal of the book will amply show with what accuracy and justice it is applied to the unprincipled men, from Somerset and Northumberland and Cranmer and Latimer and Hooper down to their meanest instruments, by whom the rotten and blood-stained foundations of the Protestant Church by law established, were laid down.

Dr. Lee does not profess to have produced a history of the confused and disgraceful events and episodes of this disastrous time, but to have aimed at a mere historical sketch in which the most salient points might be clearly brought home to his readers with a conviction of their true character. And herein we think that Dr. Lee has acted wisely, for his plain and unvarnished statements, conceived often in "vigorous and outspoken language," concerning which there can be no mistake, are more likely to meet with and impress ordinary readers than a more rigorous and scientific treatment of the subject would have done. And it is precisely in this class of readers that the myths and superstitions of the Protestant view of this period find their last refuge; any efforts, therefore, that are adapted to clear away the clouds of ignorance and bring in the light of truth cannot but be fruitful of good results.

The table of contents is very ample. Amongst the topics

¹ *King Edward the Sixth, Supreme Head.* By Frederick George Lee, D.D. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company, 1889.

dealt with are the unstinted exercise of the plenitude of spiritual jurisdiction with which the Supreme Head of the Church in his teens was endowed ; the distress and misery of the poor, consequent on the changes and oppressions of the times, the prevailing influences in the compilation and structure of the New Books of Common Prayer, the sufferings of the evicted monks and nuns ; brief notices of some of the most prominent men of the time ; and the risings and insurrections in so many places that showed so clearly that the heart of England still clung to the great Mother of whom they had been deprived, and that if true men amongst the higher classes had been forthcoming to lead the rank and file of the people, England would have been Catholic still. The declarations of the poor Cornish men in this respect are very touching ; and very down-right and explicit in their demands :

We will have the Masse in Latten, as it was before, and celebrated by the Pryest wythoute any man or woman communycating with him.

Item, we wyl have the Sacram't hange overthe hyeyhe autler, and there be worshypped as it was wount to be, and they which will not therto consent, we wyl have them dye like heretykes agaynst the Holy Catholyque faith.

Item, we wyll have the Sacram't of ye Autler but at Easter delivered to the lay people and then in but one kind.

Item, we wyl have holy bread and holy water made every Sondaye ; Palmes and ashes at the tymes accustomed ; Images to be set up again in every Church, and all other auncient olde ceremonyes used heretofore by our Mother the Holy Church.

Item we wil not receyve the newe servyce because it is but lyke a Christmas game, but we wil have our olde service of Mattens, Masse, evensong and procession in Latten as it was before. And so, we the Cornyshemen (whereof certen of us understa'de no English) utterly refuse this new English.

Item we wyll have everye preacher in his sermon and every pryest at hys Masse, praye specially for the souls in Purgatory as oure forefathers dyd.

Item we wyll have the Byble and al bokes of Scripture in Englysh to be called in agayn, for we be enformed that otherwise the clergie shall not of lo'g time confound the heretykes.

The following sentences very clearly sum up the distinctive features of Edward the Sixth's reign.

As regards the Christian Revelation, the Church and religion, misbelief, robbery, and disunion ; as regards the poor and wanderers, cruel and unjust laws, followed by barbarous punishments ; as regards

the people in general and their lawful possessions, a base and most dishonest tampering with the coin. In foreign policy, in every direction, failure; at home, speculation, fraud, immorality, usury, grinding down the unprotected and oppressed; and on the part of the authorities and puppet-exhibitors, examples of selfishness, injustice, active shuffling as to right and wrong, truth and falsehood, and a loathsome greed almost unparalleled.

Dr. Lee touches lightly from time to time, on his great remedy for the evil results of this iniquitous period, from which we still suffer. There is no Catholic, we presume, that would not rejoice to see a Corporate Reunion realized that would heal the miseries of our times. To see Lords and Commons as the representatives of Old England once more on their knees receiving absolution and Peter's blessing would be a spectacle that would cause the *Nunc dimittis* to sound from every Catholic heart. But where is the ground for hope that Englishmen will ever see such a sight again? For Corporate Reunion there must be bodies to reunite, and can any one say that the Establishment in its present condition can be regarded as a *body* in any sense, that would qualify it as one of the parties to such Reunion? Doubtful Orders; bishops denying the necessity of their office, and repudiating the very existence of the priesthood; the many voiced staff of authorized teachers sounding forth every conceivable form of error and heresy in their ministrations: such facts surely are destructive of the very notion of Corporate existence, and can only be regarded as the characteristics of a conglomerate Mass, kept together by the iron bonds that the State has girded it withal. To provide a body, disestablishment must take place; and great will be the scattering of the fragments when disestablishment once comes, and who shall gather the fragments together again?

Still, notwithstanding this point of difference, we very heartily recommend Dr. Lee's book to the general reader, and wish it a wide circulation.

7.—THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.¹

We are glad to welcome this volume of tales from the pen of Miss Clara Mulholland. Her style is bright, amusing, and

¹ *The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop*, and other Tales. By Clara Mulholland. One volume. London: R. Washbourne, 1889.

calculated to ensure the savour of young people. To be able to write good stories for children is by no means a common gift, but the author of these tales possesses it, and while each story teaches a distinct lesson, the moral is well worked in, and shows itself more by the incidents than by bits of moralizing which most children would skip.

In all the stories the characters are well drawn and life-like, and the author is peculiarly happy in writing of Irish life, giving the local colouring truthfully.

"The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop" is the longest story in the book, and very few children who begin it will care to put it down until they finish it. The other stories are very short, "A Bunch of Violets" being a mere sketch, and "Lazy Nancy" reminding us of the old fairy story of order and disorder. But the tale that strikes us, short as it is, as the gem of the volume is "The Tale of a Green Coat." The idea of the story is original, and it is well carried out. Kevin O'Brien, a little Irish boy, dressed in his green coat, goes to the fair on a donkey, and thinking himself so fine that to travel with the Moriartys, who were farmers, would be beneath him, he goes his own way. His adventures we leave the story to tell. How the spirit of pride possessed him and made him careless of the sufferings of others, conceited and naughty, will interest all readers, and there is something in the mixture of truth and fancy that is very charming.

The book is certain of being popular, and we are sure that all the friends of Little Snowdrop will wish to greet many more stories from the same pen. The binding of the book is tasteful and pretty, and the print good, but the illustrations are very bad, and such a good and practised writer as Miss Clara Mulholland should do herself justice in future by securing the services of a better artist than the one who has provided these illustrations.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Towards Evening is the touching and appropriate title of a collection of short extracts from the writings of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.¹ His Eminence's words have always been weighty words—weighty by reason of their beautiful simplicity—weighty on account of the powerful intellect and noble character of him who spoke or wrote them. Now his venerable old age throws over them, even though written long ago, a charm which seems to be reflected from the brilliancy of the coming dawn. The last two quotations appear to embody this idea.

O blessed hour, after all the sorrows, and wrongs, and falsehoods, and darkness, and burdens of life, to see God face to face, to be made sinless with an exceeding strength, to be as the light in which there "is no darkness at all"! Be this our hope, our chiefest toil, our almost only prayer.

What matter, then, a little pain, a little sorrow, a little penance, a few crosses, if, after a little while, there be an inheritance of eternal joy? (p. 58.)

Father Nix has written, chiefly for priests and theologians, a very solid and valuable treatise on Devotions to the Sacred Heart.² It furnishes excellent materials for instructions, sermons, and meditations on the Sacred Heart. It consists of three parts, the first mainly historical, the second theological, the third ascetical. The last chapter is devoted to the discussion of the honour due to the most pure Heart of Mary. If a priest will make his own this masterly little treatise, he will never be at a loss for subjects for meditation or for his sermons.

The Catholic Truth Society, in continuation of the little books of meditation written by Father Clarke, has now published his meditations for June on the Sacred Heart. They are called

¹ *Towards Evening*. Extracts from the Writings of Cardinal Manning. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1889.

² *Cultus SS. Cordis Jesu*. Scripsit Hermannus Jos. Nix, S.J. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder, 1889.

on the title-page "Short Meditations,"¹ and they deserve this name, for each one consists of a single page. This is we think a distinct advantage, for when the subjects of meditation are proposed at great length, it is impossible to bear them in the memory, after preparing the meditation, and during the actual meditation, the mind cannot well apply itself to what is very diffuse. On the other hand many, especially beginners, cannot manage when the points are too short. Father Clarke seems to us to have struck the happy mean. The thirty meditations are followed by a short collection of ejaculations to the Sacred Heart. Priests may find the titles of these meditations helpful in their preparation of *fervorini* for June.

The Little Breviary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,² which is translated from a French book that has run through many editions, is a sort of miniature Office to be said every day in honour of the Sacred Heart. It derives great value from the fact that it is compiled from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. The Editor's part has been limited to "gathering the most beautiful flowers from the enclosed garden of the privileged spouse of the Heart of Jesus, and of arranging them in such a way as to form a delightful bouquet." An Appendix is added containing a litany, novena, and act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and other useful matter. The book is neatly got up and well translated.

At the present time, when so much interest has been excited by the Stuart Exhibition, Mrs. Maxwell Scott has done a good work in supplying us with a history—at once compact and comprehensive—of the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots.³ The thirty pages of which this publication consists enable us to form a just idea of what Mary Stuart was, what she did and what she suffered. Of course there is no room here for detail or description, still less for argument or refutation. But we have all that we need, and more than might have been anticipated. The chief incidents of Mary's life are brought before us with a clearness which enables us to appreciate her courage, her patience, and her steady

¹ *The Sacred Heart*. Short Meditations for June. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Little Breviary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. Compiled from the Life and Writings of the Blessed Margaret Mary. Translated by M. Hopper. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

³ *Mary Queen of Scots*. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 30 pp. London: Catholic Truth Society.

adherence to the faith of the Catholic Church, unmoved by the threats of Walsingham or the blandishments of Elizabeth.

*Daily Duties*¹ was originally compiled with a view to the life of the novices of the Society of Jesus. It is however applicable, with certain modifications, not only to the novices of other Religious Orders, but to all who have consecrated themselves to God—and, we might almost add, to all who are striving after the higher life in any form or shape. Father Morris' name is a sufficient guarantee for the advice given. The fact that he had several years' experience, as Master of Novices, of the spiritual wants of those he had to govern, gives additional value to all that he says. What strikes us especially in *Daily Duties* is the practical common sense character of its spirituality; no high-flown sentiment or exaggerated piety, but sober matter-of-fact counsel, within the reach of all. Some expressions sound a little strange. "Double-table" day is, we fancy, confined to the Jesuit vocabulary for a day when there is talking in the refectory at dinner. The rule not to talk of "college life" in recreation is a relic of days when almost all Jesuit novices were educated at one college. But these specialities rather add to than diminish the interest of this most useful little book.

Meditation is no easy work, and even after long years who is there who can say that his daily meditations are free from distraction and perfectly satisfactory. Father Morris, in the *Instruction to Novices*² that he has published, gives detailed advice and help in the difficult task. He follows, of course, the method of St. Ignatius, describing at length how memory, understanding, and will are to be employed in the meditation, and gives at the end one or two examples of the way in which a meditation should be made. No one can read the various suggestions of Father Morris without recognizing in them the work of one who speaks with authority and has learned by experience the difficulties and danger to which the art of meditating well is chiefly exposed.

There is something in our older books of devotion which too many modern books seem to lack—a certain solidity of tone

¹ *Daily Duties: An Instruction for Novices of the Society.* By the Rev. John Morris, S.J. Manresa Press, Roehampton, 1889.

² *Meditation: An Instruction to Novices.* By John Morris, S.J. Manresa Press, Roehampton, 1885.

and quiet, sober spirituality, which is not altogether compensated by the more attractive brightness of what is written now-a-days. It is a very good work to reprint from time to time some of the ascetical books of the past, and so to temper the modern with the older type. Mr. Orby Shipley¹ has lately edited a beautiful book of Meditations on the feasts of our Lord and His Holy Mother. It was first printed in 1658, under the title of *Sweet Thoughts of Jesus and Mary*. The author is a Father Carre, whose real name was Pinkney, and who founded a English Convent of Augustinian nuns in Paris.

Bishop Hedley has preached a Funeral Sermon² on Dr. Ullathorne, and has drawn out some of his leading characteristics. He was especially remarkable for the energy and zeal with which he threw himself into any work committed to him, and was pointed out by Dr. Newman as a specimen of a thorough hard-working Englishman. But he was much more than this: he was a good religious, a man devoted to the cause of God, and one whose work was eminently blessed by Almighty God. The Sermon gives a life-like picture of the good Bishop who was its subject.

The Catholic Truth Society, ever on the look-out to supply the needs of the Catholic world, has published a Life of Dr. Ullathorne³ within a few weeks of his death. Few priests were better known or more respected than he. He was a good, holy, hard-working Bishop, who has left his mark not on the Catholic world in England only, but in New Zealand and Australia as well.

The same Society has also provided a most useful miniature pamphlet in its *Companion to High Mass*.⁴ It is intended mainly for non-Catholics, and is very useful to give to Protestants if they go to High Mass. But there are few

¹ *Sweet Thoughts of Jesus and Mary*: Meditations for the Feasts of our Saviour and of His Blessed Mother. By Thomas Carre, Priest of the English College at Doway. Printed at Paris A.D. 1658 and 1665. Edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1889.

² *A Spiritual Man*. A Sermon preached in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, March 26, 1889, at the Solemn Requiem for the Most Rev. W. B. Ullathorne, O.S.B. By the Rt. Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns and Oates.

³ *Archbishop Ullathorne*. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

⁴ *A Companion to High Mass*: For the Use of non-Catholics. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

Catholics who will not find it interesting, and, for the matter of that, very useful also.

Mr. F. Hamilton has issued a fourth edition of *Golden Words*.¹ It is a selection from the works of Thomas à Kempis, followed by a Golden Alphabet of Maxims from the same source, and a short Meditation on Eternity. In an Appendix is added a short sketch of the Life of Thomas à Kempis, and a familiar and most beautiful Act of Faith from Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. It is a beautiful little present, suitable to all and at all times.

Messrs. Herder's laudable enterprise in publishing an edition of Cornelius Nepos' *Lives*² with an English vocabulary, has been rewarded by a great success, and the book has now reached a third edition. It is neatly got up and well printed. It has the great advantage of having every objectionable word or expression removed, so that like all the other books of the same series it can be put with perfect safety into the hands of the young.

*The Words of Jesus Christ during His Passion*³ is a translation from the French of Father F. X. Schouppe, S.J., which has received the Imprimatur of his Grace the Archbishop of New York. The language is simple and the exposition clear. Many of the chapters contain in the first paragraph a division of the matter, which is afterwards explained and developed. The Seven Words on the Cross of course receive due consideration. The words addressed by our Saviour to the women of Jerusalem are very well explained. Those who wish in a short time to learn something new about our Lord's Passion will here find what they desire.

Lilian Mortimer has written some talks about religion,⁴ suitable for little children, very suitable for reading to the young. The first is a very serious miniature sermon or meditation, the second consists of stories about saints, the third is on

¹ *Golden Words; or, Maxims of the Cross*. Translated and adapted from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis, by F. H. Hamilton, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1889.

² *Cornelii Nepotis Vita*. Dr. Michael Gitlbauer, Professor Universitatis Vindobonensis. Friburgi Brisgoviae: Sumptibus Herder, 1889.

³ *The Words of Jesus Christ during His Passion*. Explained in their literal and moral sense. Translated from the French of Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J., by Rev. J. J. Quinn. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

⁴ *The Little Companion: or, A Child's Talks about Religion*. By Lilian Mortimer. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

the Month of May, and so on throughout the twenty-four pages. There is no special order in these talks, but they are very nice, and will please children.

Everything connected with Ireland has a special interest at present, especially the lives of those who willingly endured hardship, imprisonment, exile, and even death for their country's cause. John Mitchel was among the most prominent of the patriots of '48, and was one of those who wore felon's dress for Ireland's sake. His efforts in her behalf, his trial, transportation, and subsequent escape, are graphically narrated in the concise and compact *Life*¹ lately published by Messrs. Duffy. No one can read it without observing that though the policy of the Government is the same now as then, the position of Ireland is very different. Then all England was against the claims of Ireland, now there is a large proportion of the English people who have the cause of Ireland warmly at heart.

Every reader of the story of *Little Nell*,² or rather of little Nell's grandfather, will sympathize deeply with the kindly old man, who, breaking through the reserve of years, confides the tale of the past to an interested listener, telling him how his severity towards an only and much-loved child drove her to an act of deception and disobedience; and how, actuated by a stern unyielding spirit, which he mistook for religious zeal, he refused forgiveness to her when she came to entreat pardon for having married a Protestant in contradiction to his express commands. The early part of the narrative is intended to be a warning against the exercise of undue strictness, but the latter part presents a beautiful example of tender unselfish affection. The old man, fondly as he cherishes the grand-daughter, who is the joy of his declining years, is willing, nay, anxious, when he discerns a vocation to the religious life in Little Nell, that she should devote herself exclusively and at once to the service of God. The character of the old man is a fine one; he possesses the faults and virtues and power of self-conquest which specially distinguish the Englishman. The short narrative is a touching and doubtless a true one, and conveys many useful lessons.

¹ *The Life of John Mitchel*. With an Historical Sketch of the '48 Movement in Ireland. By P. A. S. Dublin: James Duffy and Co. Ltd., 1889.

² *Little Nell*. A Sketch. By Frances Noble. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited.

Messrs. Barraud have issued three different Portraits of Father Damien, after sketches taken by Mr. Clifford during his recent visit. These Portraits are beautifully executed, and we can see in them, in spite of certain traces of the disease which was rapidly doing its work of destruction, all the time they were taken, a sweetness and gentleness of expression such as we should expect in one whose slow martyrdom was more heroic than that of many a one who submitted to the sword or the rope for Christ's sake. All Catholics will be interested in the likeness of this true Catholic hero, and Protestants have already given solid proofs of their admiration for Father Damien.

MAGAZINES.

The necessity of independent temporal dominion for the maintenance of the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See continues under discussion in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. In the current number, not only are conclusive proofs from the Catholic standpoint brought forward, but the testimony of distinguished Protestants is given to show that were the Pope the subject of a secular ruler, the free exercise of his spiritual power would be impossible. The suppression of monastic establishments in England under Henry the Eighth, forms the topic of a short article. The facts are principally taken from Father Gasquet's excellent work on the subject. Father Boetzkes writes on the claim put forward by modern paganism to direct and regulate the education of the young. The advance of culture and progress of thought, it is said, demands that the instruction imparted in the schools should be in accordance with humanistic and materialistic principles; and a certain Professor Vaihinger proposes a system wherein the mental development of the individual follows step by step the historical development of the human race. Christianity is regarded merely as a phase of thought through which mankind passes on the way to modern enlightenment. The absurdities involved in such a programme of education are exposed by the writer of the article. The review of recent discoveries in astronomical science deals in the present instalment with the zodiacal light, the planets, the nature of comets and their orbit in space, as well as meteors, aërolites, and similar phenomena. Father Kreiten

contributes a lengthy critique of a poem of considerable merit, a Westphalian song of the time of the Crusades.

The opening article in the *Katholik* for April, gives, under the form of a letter addressed to a theological student, the reasons why the study of natural science is desirable and necessary for the theologian. Acquaintance with nature has always been approved by the Church, and scientific research into the causes of natural phenomena, far from destroying belief, will, the writer alleges, disclose the harmony which exists between the visible and invisible world, the order of mutable things and the immutable. The continuation of the history of the struggle concerning religious education in Belgium treats principally of the attitude maintained by the Holy See in regard to the proceedings of the Government. The account of the compilation of the Breviary witnesses to careful and laborious research on the part of the writer. The distribution of the Psalter into daily portions, and the selection of lections, hymns, and prayers suited to the various festivals, forms the subject of the present instalment. Some brief amplifications of Janssen's history, which have for their subject the manner in which the invention of printing was regarded by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the provision made in the fifteenth century for the training of children of all classes, and for the religious instruction of the people in general, will be read with interest. A short biography of a Benedictine Abbot commences a series of notices which are to appear in the *Katholik*, of men who by their learning and piety sustained the cause of Catholicism in Germany, in the commencement of the present century, a period of gloom and oppression for the Church in that country.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (933, 934) exposes the various mistakes and misstatements which are to be found in a pamphlet purporting to come from the pen of a Roman prelate, in answer to the articles on Rosminianism published a short time ago in the pages of the *Civiltà*. The attention of the reader is again called to Hypnotism, which is stated to be a great power for evil in the present day, and is somewhat akin to the "thought-reading" practised in English society. Two French doctors, writing on the subject, inquire whether there is a legitimate use of Hypnotism, and whether the phenomena produced by it, lethargy, catalepsy, and hysteric somnambulism, are natural or preternatural. It is pronounced to be a morbid condition suddenly produced at the will of the hypnotizer;

highly injurious to health, outside the sphere of medical science, and opposed to Christianity. The article on Political Economy treats of the objections to the project of international legislation in favour of operatives. Another article is devoted to a recapitulation of the terrible events of the French Revolution, and their fatal effect in completely destroying religion and social order in the country. The archæological notes contain some interesting details respecting the Apostolic teaching in regard to the Holy Eucharist, and the observation of the Lord's day as a day of joy.

In a former issue of the *Études*, Father Martin drew a sketch of the edifice that the Revolution of '89 constructed for posterity. In the current number he portrays the master whom it set up to rule there, a deification of the State, which has employed its supreme power for the oppression of humanity. Father Brucker, who has already exposed the fallacies of the theory of transformism in a series of able articles, compares the origin of man and his formation by a direct and special act of God as narrated in Scripture and taught by the doctors of the Church, with the hypothesis of a modified Darwinism, and argues that the latter is utterly incompatible with the Christian faith. The continuation of the essay on preaching gives the laws which ought to guide the Christian preacher. He is to be the preacher of faith, of morals, and he is to speak in the language of men; in words, that is, intelligible to his audience. The faults and eccentricities into which preachers are apt to fall are also touched upon. The employment of women at night in workshops is discussed at some length by Father Bournichon. This system of nightwork, rendered necessary by the competition of manufacturers in the present day, is contrary to morality and justice, and destructive of family life. As such, interference on the part of the Legislature for its prevention is demanded. The conclusion of Father St. Coubé's most interesting account of his visit to India, gives many details concerning the distinctions of caste which exist among the Hindus, and which form an obstacle to the spread of Catholicism amongst them.

